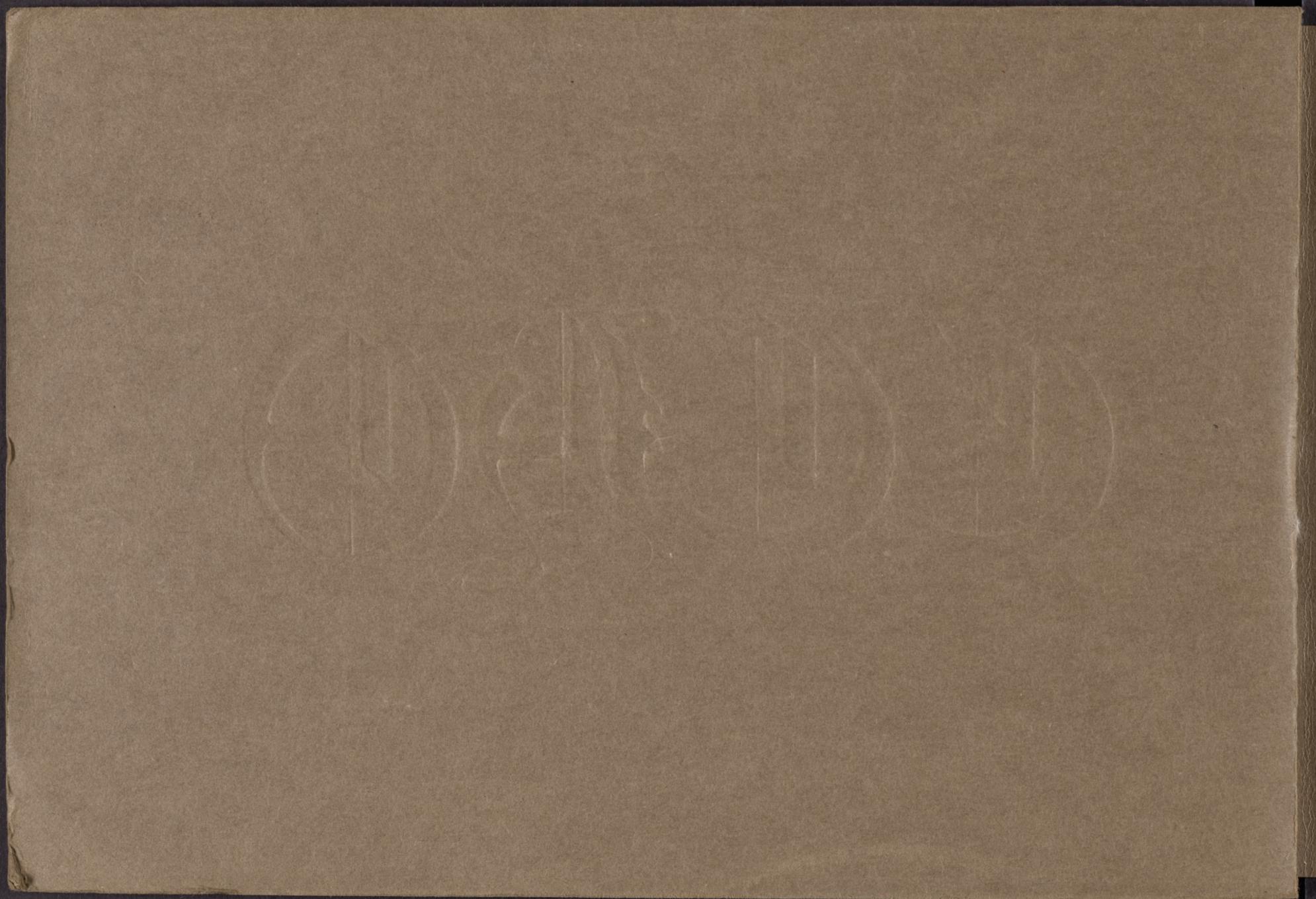
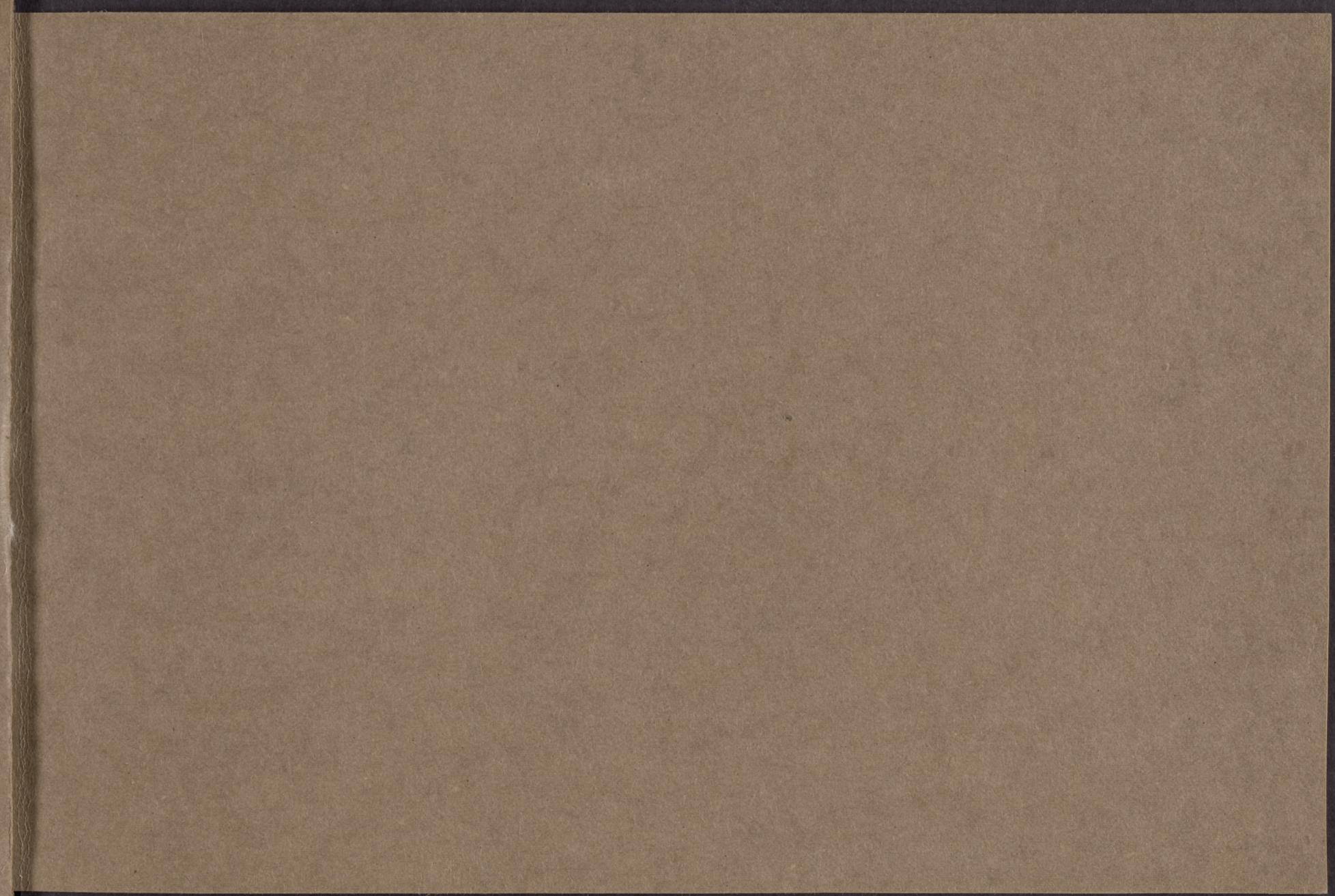
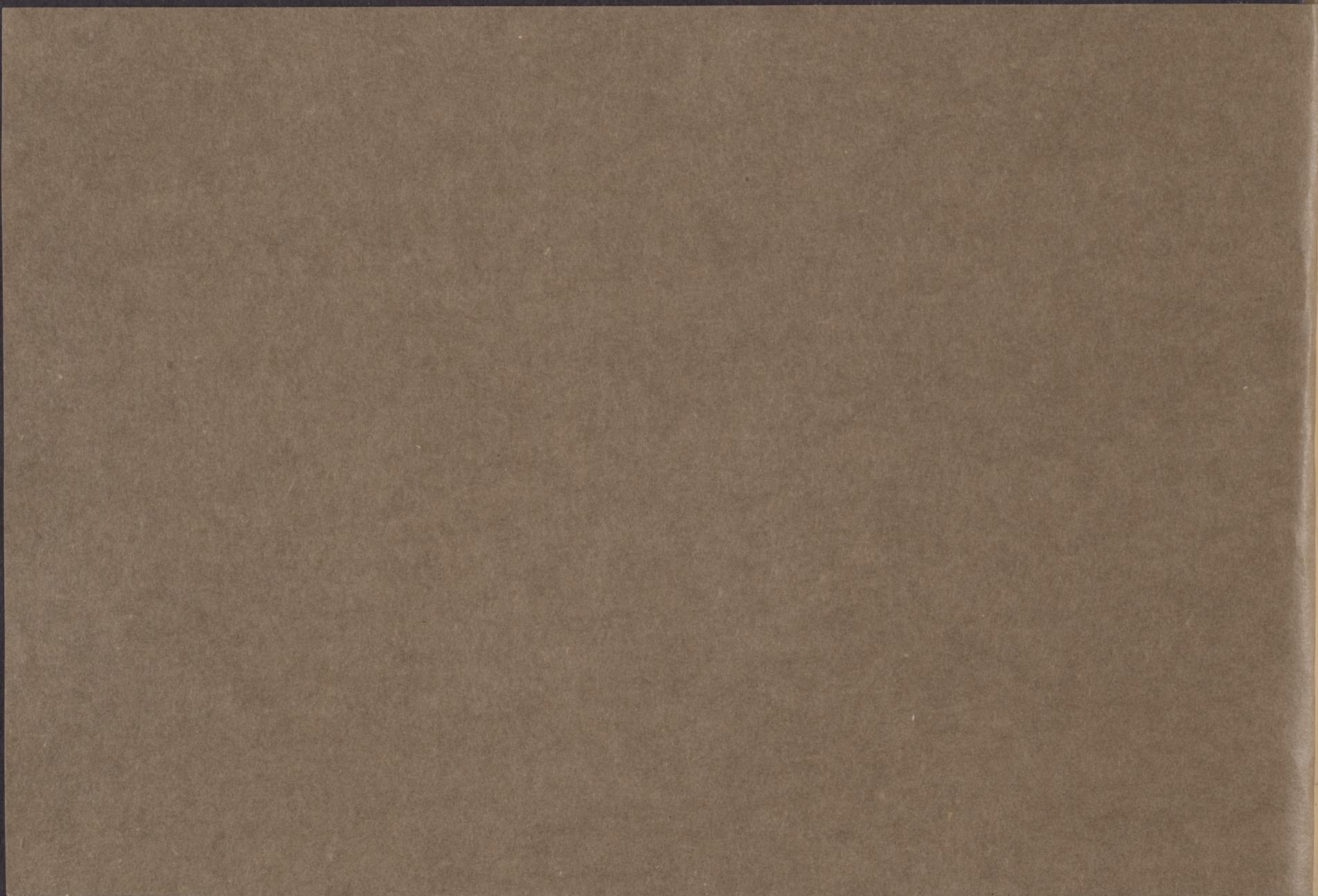


GEÓGRA









*Published by the
Senior Class
of the
Santa Rosa
High School*

THE
ECHO
ANNUAL

JUNE
1917
*Santa Rosa
California*



To
Mr. De Witt Montgomery

Our Principal
Our Adviser
Our Friend
this "Echo" is dedicated

In Appreciation...

When "The Echo" comes into your hands, the work of the editorial staff will be finished, and that which most truly represents the Senior Class of '17, will be completed. We hope we have pleased; that has been our object, and we hope that this book will call to mind the things you will wish recalled.

The work of editing a High School annual is indeed valuable, and while it has been difficult, it has also been enjoyable. However infinite patience is necessary as well as many, many hours of careful thought and labor, for an annual is not the result of an Aladdin's lamp; it is the result of hard, persevering effort. But for the editorial staff to assume all the merit of editing this "Echo" would be taking undue credit. We have asked and received aid from many quarters,

and to those who have given it so willingly we gladly acknowledge our most sincere thanks.

To Mr. Montgomery, for his unfailing encouragement and help; to Miss O'Meara for fulfilling her position of staff adviser so admirably; and to the other members of the faculty, who have in any way helped or encouraged us, we wish to extend our appreciation. To the Senior Class who have contributed so generously, and to our advertisers we are also deeply indebted; and to the Commercial Art Engraving Company, for interest in our order, we would like to extend a word of thanks. But to Mr. Barnett, foreman of the Press Democrat office, a special meed of gratitude is extended, for without his suggestions and his unfailing interest and help in all difficulties, we feel that this "Echo" could not have been what it is.

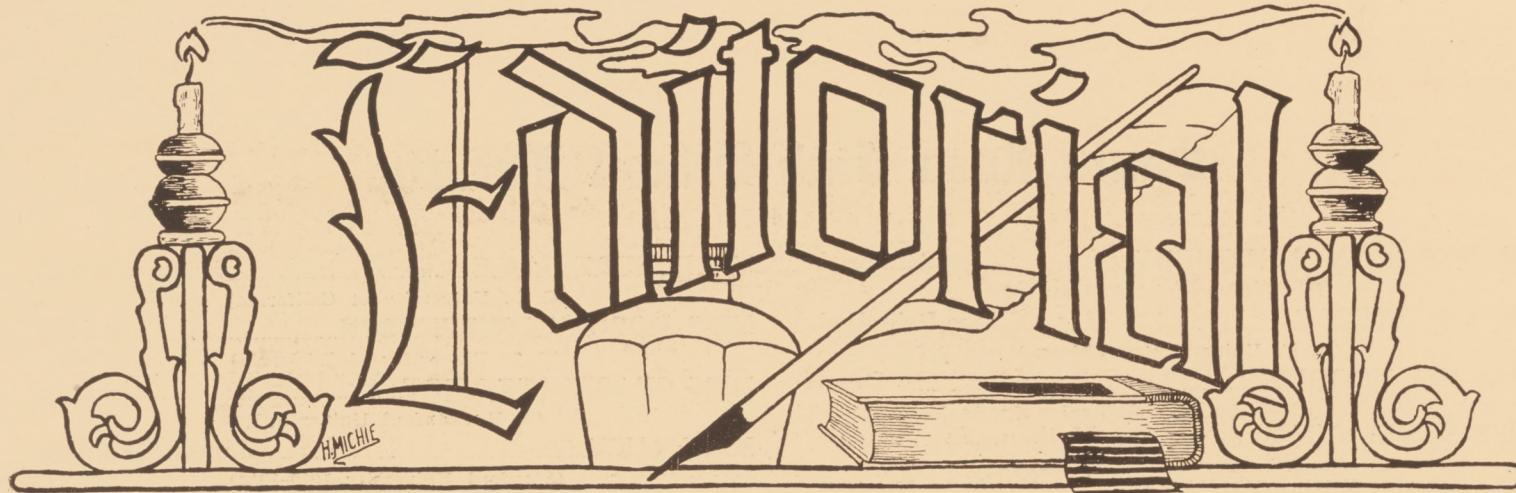
The Editors.

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FRANCES PAYNE

GEORGE MARVIN

Editorial

Commencement time draws near! The work of four years is completed, and looking back for an instant over those years we feel we have done well. And now the future is before us! What will it bring? To some it will bring the opportunity of higher education; to others it will mean taking part in the busy community life around us. Yet whatever our plans for the future, no matter what line of education or work we enter upon, perseverance in the pursuit of that work is necessary. It is the hinge of all other virtues, being simply the habit of trying over and over again the steady and determined pursuit of a plan! We have all been told there is no royal road to learning, and we have all doubtless recognized this during our four years of high school work. Tremendous difficulties should, least of all, discourage, for the things best worth achieving are always surrounded by conditions the most difficult to surmount—the difficulty frequently measuring the worth.

To know how to wrest victory from defeat and use our failures as stepping stones to better things, is the true secret of success. It is said that the difference between perseverance and obstinacy is, that one comes from a strong will and the other from a strong won't. One of the things we can be absolutely sure will be developed, while persevering in whatever line of work we undertake, is the knowledge that each year will

transform us into more able and competent workers, and we can do easily what seems impossible today.

The benefits of a popular government are not attained without effort. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, eternal perseverance is the price of excellence, and is the duty of every lover of his country. So let us say, as the little drummer boy did when taken prisoner and led into the camp of the enemy. They told him to beat the drum. "Yes," said he, "I will beat the drum, though you ask me to do it in insult," and he beat a reveille. "Now," said they, "beat an advance," and he did so. "Now beat a charge," and he beat the charge. "Now," said they, "beat a retreat." "No," said the little fellow, "I never learned to beat a retreat." Let us have no such word as "retreat" in our vocabulary; but, aided by perseverance, let it be all onward, upward, and victory.

The joys, the sorrows, the triumphs and defeats of the years 1913-17 have passed and gone. Each coming day will push them farther and farther back into the shadowy recesses of time. But these years of achievement must live forever, not only in the history of the school, but in your memory. And so, if this book but serves as a guide and reminder of those years and ever binds us more closely to dear old Santa Rosa Hi, its mission will indeed, be well performed.



Luck, Fate or Love?

JT WAS mid-summer, and early morning, when everything in Nature's outdoors is dewey and fresh and fragrant. The sun had not been long risen above the hazy mountains, and was just wakening the swallows and sparrows to chirp and twitter in happiness. Richard Barstowe was swinging along the road, his head thrown back, enjoying to the full every minute of the morning. He had risen early, and slipping out of the house had started off for a morning walk. For sheer joy at being alive he was whistling, when he turned a bend in the road and the sound of a horse rapidly approaching was heard. Stepping to the side of the road, he waited to see who the early rider was. He did not have to wait long—dashing around the bend at full tilt came a wild-looking little Arabian pony, and on his back was a girl whom Richard judged to be about sixteen. She was dressed in a simple linen middy suit, and a long braid of golden hair hung down her back. In one prettily-shaped arm she clasped a large bunch of wild-flower blossoms, and with the other she guided her pony. Coming upon Dick so suddenly so frightened the girl that she let fall her flowers. She immediately halted her pony, and as Richard, who had stooped and gathered the blossoms, handed them to her, she laughingly explained that she was so startled at seeing any-

one about so early that she had dropped her flowers. Then with a word of thanks and a fleeting smile, she was gone.

Starting on his homeward way, Richard reflected that her eyes had been blue; yes, very blue, and large and sparkling. He wondered who she could be; she was evidently not new in the country as he himself was, having come but the day before for a long-looked-forward-to vacation at the little resort beside the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

The next time he saw her was one afternoon when he was on his way down to the beach with his friend, Jack Erdly. She was coming out of a cottage across the street with some other girls, all with tennis racquets. They hailed Jack who waved his hat in reply, and in answer to their query as to whether he was going to the party that night, he replied in the affirmative.

"Those are most of the girls who will be at Mrs. Donovan's party tonight," explained Jack. "You'll like them all, they're a dandy crowd, but you'll like Priscilla Wright the best. She is the girl with the yellow hair down her back. Her family live in Los Angeles, but she had to come here to recuperate from an illness. She stays with her aunt."

These facts were interesting to Dick, and he began looking forward to the evening with much pleasant anticipation.

Evening found Priscilla enjoying her usual tate-a-tate with her aunt.

"Aunt Helen," she cried impulsively stooping to bestow a kiss on Mrs. Smith's cheek, "I just can't bear to think of going back to school in the autumn, even though it is more than a month off. I've had such a wonderful time here, I don't see how I can go."

"We will certainly miss you, dearie," said her aunt, "but you come up for your vacations always. But look at the time, Priscilla, run quickly and dress, my child."

Hurrying up to her room, the girl quickly donned a blue taffeta dress, finding slippers and stockings to match, and snatching a wrap she hurried outside where she already heard her cousin, Bob McGrane's whistle.

"Hello Priscilla," he greeted her. "Isn't this a peach of a night?" And indeed it was; cool and quiet and a full moon turning the out-doors into fairy-land. Bob and Priscilla were the best of chums, and it was a common sight to see them together; horseback and galloping about the country, playing tennis, or strolling far down the beach. Bob had taken a special interest in the recuperation of his cousin, and in doing what he termed his duty, the two had become fast friends.

It was not far to the Donovan home, a spacious and attractive bungalow, and on the way Bob told her about a new fellow who was to be there.

"He's a peach of a kid, too," declared Bob, "and a shark at tennis. I never saw a prettier player."

"I wonder if he can be the fellow I met the other morning," said Priscilla. "Is he athletic-looking and rather tall?"

"Yes, I guess that's the one. Anyway you know most of the inhabitants of this little village, and he's new."

Arriving at the party they found most of the young people already there, and the broad veranda had its share of them. As Bob and Priscilla came up the steps they were greeted with calls of welcome, and likewise as they entered the living-room to greet their hostess.

Later, as Priscilla turned from a group, at the touch of Mrs. Donovan's soft hand upon her arm, she found Richard Barstowe standing at Mrs. Donovan's side, and herself being presented to him.

"Miss Wright and I have met before I believe," said Richard rather uncertainly, as he took her extended hand.

"Yes," laughed Priscilla, "under quite different circumstances," and she graphically told of their meeting on the country road.

"Then you are already quite acquainted," said the gracious lady, "and I will leave him in your care, my dear."

Priscilla took him over to the group she had just left, and having introduced him to all there—they chattered gaily until strains of music from the Victrola, which inevitably suggested dancing, broke up the

merry crowd, and Bob came to claim the first dance with his cousin.

Priscilla saw no more of Richard Barstowe until the supper, when she was seated between him and Bob. There was unlimited merriment during the meal, and on a dare Priscilla challenged Richard to a set of tennis. He took it quickly, and they agreed to meet the next day at the courts, with the other members of the party as witnesses. When the party broke up and started homeward in various ways, many were the gay calls of reminder for the morrow, which rang out on the clear night air.

The following day saw most of them at the courts, and as Priscilla dashed up a trifle late, she found Richard already there, and after a few minutes rest, they began the set. Priscilla had a serve for which she was noted, and knocked the balls over the net so swift and low that Richard had to scoop them up. They were well matched, and at the end of the ninth game he had five games and she four. It was Priscilla's serve, and never did she do better, and never had Richard been so fleet and deft. The score rose to forty-thirty, and Richard made it deuce. Priscilla became excited, he gained the advantage, and then by a turn in her racquet, she lost her game and set. Richard gave a leap over the net, and coming to her side held out his hand.

"It was a hard fight all right, and you nearly finished me up. Congratulations!"

"Oh, it's not for you to do the congratulating, I am doing that. It certainly was work."

After more congratulations from the watchers for both players, they sat in a shady corner while the others played.

Little did Richard Barstowe or any other of these young people enjoying the happy care-free days, think that any cloud of disaster or calamity was overhanging their land. There were wars, and rumors of wars in the world, but it never came home to them until one Saturday evening when the little chapel bell rang furiously, and as the tourists gathered in the church yard, the town sheriff arose and launched into a very thrilling address on patriotism. He ended with the declaration that "our loved and honored land had now dipped her finger into the blood of war," and challenged all men with honor and patriotism to answer their country's call.

There did not seem to be much definite result to this appeal, but it was a seed sown, and the following day, Richard left the little resort after seeing only Bob McGrane, who later reported that that young man had left partly on account of his father, but chiefly with the intention of taking examinations immediately for the officers' reserve corp.

* * * * *

Many things may happen in four years, and many events did take place in the four years which passed before Richard Barstowe and Priscilla Wright again

met. It was early dusk of a cool October night when a young man walked briskly along the beach of that same small summer resort. His head was thrown back and he was breathing deeply of the fresh salty air. His thoughts were far from the present circumstances, and he was thinking of the change in himself in those few years, while the little resort remained the same. There was the same old baggage man, who knew the history of every one who had ever visited the village; the same old station, and likewise the same exquisite scenery of beach and ocean. What was it that was not the same? He could not quite tell. These reflections were brought suddenly to a stop by his turning a sand hill and seeing a black-clad figure beneath a wind-blown cypress tree. He feared he had been seen, but finding he had not, he watched more closely. It was a girl clad in the deepest mourning. She had thrown back her veil, showing a mass of golden hair, piled loosely on her head. Her deep blue eyes were filled with tears, and raised to the grey heavens, and her small hands were outstretched in mute appeal. Suddenly she closed her eyes and clinched her fists, the soft red mouth stiffened, and her chin took a determined line. She turned away, and drawing her veil down over her face, walked the opposite way, slowly, a pathetic little figure in the gathering dusk.

Astonished, the man stood looking after her, and when he could no longer distinguish her from the shad-

ows, he walked slowly back to the inn to spend a thoughtful and restless night.

The following day he made some inquiry, showing only a casual interest, with the result that he went to the post office, asking for the name Wright. The old postmaster's eye grew misty when he at last caught the name.

"Miss Priscilla? Yes, indeed. It's a sad case, a sad case," and he shook his head in ominous sorrow, as he looked up the address.

Receiving the address, Richard set out to find it. He had already made sure that she was not at the old home of her aunt, where she had lived that summer so long ago, and the address just given him proved to be in the opposite direction. At last he came to the house, and found a small bungalow, surrounded by a large garden. The house was plain save for a large low porch, upon which there were numerous couches, chairs, and rugs, and in a swinging chair, the cushions were disarranged and a book lay open. The front door was partially ajar, and Richard lifted the knocker lightly, but when no one came, he knocked sharply. After several minutes of waiting, he turned to go when a girl ran around the corner of the porch, and Priscilla Wright stood before him, a girl, and yet not a girl. Some strange sorrow had made her face sadly more beautiful, more than the mere girlhood beauty she had had.

"How do you do," she said breathlessly, "I didn't hear until just now, and—why—why Dick Barstowe—where did you come from?"

"Sit down, sit down," he said, really fearing she would fall, "I just thought I would come up here for a little vacation, and enjoy a few pleasant memories. But can you tell me—why are you here after all this time?"

"Me—oh—" she choked, and her blue eyes filled with tears. "I'll tell you, because you'll want to hear."

She paused a moment as if to gain assurance, then settling herself determinately in a big chair she began:

"We came up here in July, mother and father and I, for a long vacation. It was cut short by an accident. They were out riding in the launch with my uncle and aunt, when something went wrong. The man who was steering was incapable, and the whole thing collapsed. My uncle saved Aunt Helen, but she is weak yet, from the shock, and mother and father were both drowned. But—the boatman was saved. He lives here now, and—" her mouth hardened, and again she clinched her hands—"Yes, he lives!"

Richard watched her a moment, and when the bitter storm of unforgiveness was past, and again she sat in a sad calm, he patted her comfortingly on the shoulder.

"Believe me, you have my sincerest sympathies, and if there is anything I can do, please tell me. Did you say your uncle and aunt are here?"

"Yes," she sighed, "I have only them now, and we found the lovely old place, and decided to stay. I love it, and then—it's nearest them, I think."

It was several weeks following this meeting, and Richard and Priscilla had been much together. Richard was trying in every way possible to help Priscilla to forget the bitterness of her sorrow, and most of all to lose her hatred of the boatman. It was hardening her heart, and cramping her vision, and he knew she must forgive to forget. The people of the resort were giving a play, and Richard was taking the leading part. Priscilla had been asked to play opposite him, but had refused, and only after much urging had consented to take a minor part. It was one night after rehearsal and Priscilla and Richard were walking home in silence. Suddenly the girl spoke.

"Do you know," she said, "I almost wish I had taken that part. I know about all of the lines just from hearing it. Come on, let's go through it for fun." And so they did, and almost without a break. When they finished, they were resting on the porch steps, when the director of the play came dashing up, and breathlessly gasped that the leading lady had been called away, and Priscilla must take the part—she was the only one who could do it, and she must. What was her answer?

"Why, why—I don't know what to say," began Priscilla, but she did not have to say, because Richard

quickly told the man she would, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"It will really do you good," he said, "and now good night, you'll need some rest before a week from tonight."

The night of the play came and the rustic amphitheater was filled to overflowing, and from the moment when the orchestra struck the first note until the lights went out on the final scene, the audience laughed and cried, rejoiced and sorrowed with the people before them. It was a wierd tale of the Franciscan Fathers, and Priscilla was a captive Indian maid, loved by a Spanish cavalier. She, however, hated the Spanish because of their cruelty to her people, and would have nothing to do with the handsome knight, though her heart bade her do otherwise. And so the story was woven out, and in the end, she softened, forgave and forgot, and gave herself up to her lover.

It was late when Richard and Priscilla made their way homeward, and the moon was flooding the earth with light, while the night was filled with lovely sounds and odors; the quiet calls of sleepy birds and the contented chirps of crickets. Priscilla was still in the costume of the last scene, a flowing robe of white and silver, and the glory of her hair caught only by a halo of silver tinsell. As they came near her home; Priscilla broke the silence.

"Do you know, playing that part has just made me feel that way myself. And, oh Richard, I truly have forgiven and forgotten!"

There were many things which Richard wanted to say to her as he looked down into her shining eyes, but he could not.

They turned in at the garden gate, entering what seemed an enchanted garden bathed in silvery light. She passed silently along by his side, and as they brushed against the bushes, they gave out their scents into the night; roses, and lavender, narcissus and jace-mine breath. It all went to make the way sweeter and seemed to shroud them both in a silver mist of moonlight and love and happiness. At length after winding through the shadowy paths they turned toward the veranda, and through the half-curtained window they could see her uncle and aunt chatting before the cosy low fire. The glow of the fire was all about them, and as the girl and man stood without, they saw the old man turn lovingly to his wife, and she looked trustingly up into his face with a look of endearment, which age and toil had failed to wither. Out in the night the girl trembled suddenly as if with cold, and the man turning, slipped both arms about her, and she too, looked up into his face with the look which never was to be effaced.

And then they went in!

Gertrude Matthew, '17.

Jimmie and I

WE WERE doing nothing. That is what Jimmie and I generally did—nothing, except when we went on some escapade. If I do not explain who Jimmie and I are you will probably get the idea into your head that we are just two lazy boys, but you would be positively wrong. We are two girls in our “teens,” who are always hunting adventure or cooking up something exciting, and whose mothers exclaim morning, night, and sometimes at noon, that on account of our boyish pranks they will probably be compelled to spend their next vacation at Napa in a padded cell.

Ever since both of us could remember we regretted that we were not boys. It couldn’t be helped, we weren’t boys, so we consoled ourselves by being such tomboys that nearly everyone called us Jimmie and Billie, myself being Billie.

One evening during the last few weeks of our summer vacation, we were comfortably propped up in two hammocks that were swung between some redwood trees just in front of our camp. The camp was in a grove of redwoods, with a few oaks scattered among them. We loved those oak trees dearly, for it was

there we used to hide when it was time to dry the dishes and sinfully giggle at our mothers when they would call, “J-i-m-m-i-e !! B-i-l-l-i-e !! !” and at last when they were certain we were drowned, we would give ourselves up to kisses and hugs—and the dish towel. From the camp we looked right out on the river, and a path led down to a small landing, where we kept a canoe for ourselves and a boat for our more timid mothers. Here, also was our swimming hole, and the springiest spring board you ever sprang from.

One evening our mothers had gone for a walk to the grocery store and post office that were near our camp, so we were alone. Jimmie began to hum, and I knew she was either going to sleep or cooking up some escapade, probably the latter, so I began to think up something, too. At last she broke the silence, and I found that we had been thinking of the same thing.

“Billie, I’ve been good all day, and I can’t be good one minute longer, let’s have a canoe ride before our guardian angels come back.”

“All right, Jimmie, my love, anything to please, but we both have to be good so that our guardian angels—our mothers, in other words—will forgive us for cutting out the back of the tent to make a sail for the

canoe. It was nice and cool last night, so I don't care. I'm rather glad we burned holes in our bathing suits, too, aren't you? We got to wear our brothers', and it was such fun with no bothersome skirts to get twisted around our legs. Now, really, Jimmie don't you wish with all your might, and some of mine, too, that you and I were boys?"

"Of course, I do silly, haven't I said so just trillions and billions of times. It just makes me want to fight every time I get to thinking about it, but then you know what our mothers say when you and I have a real fight. Every single time we hear that same old—"Now Jimmie and Billie aren't you just awfully ashamed of yourselves to act in such a rough, rowdy way, when you know your mothers are trying to make refined young ladies out of you, so you will be able to enter society when you are of age." Oh, I just hate society, and worst of all to have to be a nice little girl."

"Well, let's not sit here and talk about what we wish we were, but can't be, and things that we have done that we are sorry for. Suppose we start upon this terrible journey into the wilderness, because we may never get another chance."

"Yes, we had better go because it does not take our guardian angels more than a century to fly up to the post office and back again to see if their darling daughters have been eating jam or playing with matches."

We jumped up, found the paddles and pillows, went down to the river and got into the canoe. Soon

we were drifting along enjoying the cool evening air. Then suddenly we saw the awfulest, spookiest thing that ever existed. On the left hand side of the river a white hand was grasping the willows. I looked at Jimmie, and she looked as if some one had thrown a bucket of whitewash into her face, she was so pale. I must have looked just as bad, because Jimmie has never been able to describe the horrified expression that was on my face. In plain words, we were "scared stiff." Many things flashed through our minds in a second. Of course we remembered a muffled scream a minute ago and a queer gurgling noise. In the gathering darkness we could imagine the water boiling up as the drowning person fought for life—we had wonderful imaginations, and I don't doubt but that we could imagine most anything if we wished. What should we do, pull the person out by the hand? No, that would upset the canoe. Should we both jump in and rescue this person? No, we would probably be strangled to death. We wanted to play the hero, or heroine rather, but the mere thought of it made our teeth chatter.

The canoe slid alongside of the bank and we reached for it before we thought. Horrors of horrors, our hopes of being heroines were shattered into a thousand pieces. The hand was a white glove filled with cotton and tied to the tree!

Bess Godman, '19.

Satsu Togo and the Circus

Dearish Hon. Sir:—

Strange excitements occur in town recently. Brightish signs pasted up announce circus. School are closed on account of vacations, so I make plans to see everythings. Thursday evenings upon retiring to bed I adjust alarm clock to call me early. At 4:30 a. m. he ring like fire alarms, and I muffle him with pillows. Excitements are all inside of me while arrangement for my departure take place. Three and a half minutes later I dash myself down to S. P. railroad station to await for arrival of Hon. Al G. Barnes' Wonderful Animal Circus. One hour I await with shivers, while trains not arrive.

"Daggers!" I stutter thru clicking teeth. "Where are hon. circus?"

Nobodies do not know either.

"Maybe this are April foolish joke," I gasp with impatience, while I proceed to wait thirty minutes longer. Soonly gentleman party exit forth from yellowish building and approach lady nearby my side.

"Train have become derailed," he inform us. She will not arrive until by-em-by."

"Whizzes," I hiss, with disappointment feelings,

while making retreats for bedroom, where snores are enjoyed by me until 8 a. m. o'clock. At 11:30 I take myself back again to arriving place of circus. Crowds are decorating station, like mosquitoes on fisherman's neck. Patiently for one half hour I wait, and then joys are mine.

"Toot!" announces the train as he drag big, heavy circus into town. "Wheeew," he whistle when labors are finished. Peoples crowd close to him to see everythings. Instantly animals are let loose from cars and lugged to camp. One male species of humanity with voice like rusty buzz saw, mounted on top of a horse, and proceed to boss the job.

"Say," he demand, "employ swift speed there."

Then he repeat several prayers which I learn in Sunday school. Bigish wagons are removed from trains by Hon. Elephant. Then lions, tigers, snakes and other fish are carried to College Lot.

About this time hungry feelings are possessed by me, in regions of appetite, and I depart for my meal ticket. When I have stuffed myself with cake, pickles, dried fish and lemonade, I dash again to circus lot. While show people are employed in eating dinner, I

observe all I can free of charge. While looking at animals, I see Hon. Mrs. Yost.

"Hello!" she smile, like sunshine.

"Ditto," I delite with pleasure, as she vanished behind big tents. Then the parade appear. Animals, bears, music bands, etc. One things which are interest to me are wagon filled with men in pretty clothes. One man wearing a white face with red dots on, spoke to me.

"Hello, Kiddo," he hiss.

"Much obliged to know you," I retreat, with pride, while small boys are possessed of envy . Maybes I am getting famous, I think to myself. I do not know gentleman's name. After Hon. Parade are over, I make noble retreat for back of tents to observe everything I can for free price, as high cost of living are reducing my treasury to nothingness.

Hoping you are the same, SATSU TOGO.

Gladys Dietz, '17.



SENIORS

ORGANIZATION

President—Edward McDowell

Vice-President—Franklin Sowell

Secretary-Treasurer—Gertrude Matthew

Representatives—Vera Stump

Anita Chapman

Gilbert Trosper

Ralph Brown

Class Reporter—Samuel Dougherty

Class Motto—"To Be and Not to Seem"

Class Flower—Red Rose

Class Colors—Red, White and Blue

CLASS SONG

(Tune: "And They Called It Dixie Land")

There is a class just leaving High School.

It is the Class of Seventeen.

It is the finest class that ever was;

The best that you have seen.

It has the best girls in the country,

And the boys are just the same—

But it took a lot of working,

And I'll tell you how the Seniors came.

Chorus

It took a lot of learning from some books
To make the Class of Seventeen.

It took a lot of teachers' nods and looks
To make the Class of Seventeen.

They made the finest class I know,

When they made that Senior row—

Everyone is happy,

In that class so snappy,

From the tallest to the smallest one;—

And now they're leaving High to go somewhere,
Out into the big, wide world.

And they'll be coming back, be coming back—
With high banner all unfurled.

They have given to their school their best;

And intermingled it with many jokes and jests.

It won't be half as nice as Paradise

Without the class of Seventeen !

Class Roll

BERNICE V. ANDREWS	HAZEL L. GRAHAM	ORRIE C. MEYERS
ADELLA O. ARNOLD	MARCUS GEMETTI	GERTRUDE W. MATTHEW
EDNA L. AUSTIN	LELAND HODGSON	ANDREW MERCER
RALPH BROWN	ARNE L. HANSON	SUSIE MARNELL
ELRENE ESTHER BROWN	GAIL ESTHER HAWLEY	ERNEST C. NIELSEN
CLIFFORD BELL	NAOMI ELIZABETH HAMNER	BLANCHE C. NOBLE
HAROLD BELLUS	SAMUEL S. KISTLER	CHARLOTTE I. NATHANSON
ISABEL M. BOLTON	FREDERICK V. KELLOGG	AGNETTA NELSON
HARRIETT BUSSMAN	MELVA ROSE KINDIG	WILLIAM G. OLDHAM
EDNA EMMELINA BAUM	IONE LONG	LEONARD PAVLIK
IRENE BACIGALUPI	ANGELENA LEPORI	AUGUSTA PEDROTTI
DWIGHT BARNETT	SARA EVELYN LAUGHLIN	LEGRO PRESSLEY
WESLEY CLINE	ORVILLE LAMBERT	FRANCES M. PAYNE
DONALD CARITHERS	HELEN MILLER	GLADYS M. SWANETS
ANITA MADELINE CHAPMAN	ROY MITCHIE	ISABELLE SCHANK
HAZEL COOPER	MERTON MEEKER	FRANKLIN SOWELL
GLADYS DIETZ	POWELL McDONOUGH	OLIVE M. SPOTSWOOD
SAMUEL K. DOUGHERTY	MARIE LUCILE MORRIS	VERA STUMP
WALTER DAYHUFF	EDITH MILLER	CHRISTINE SCHMIDT
ALMA MARIE EDDIE	PETER MARONI	LEONARD TALBOT
ROENE EMERY	WILLIAM MARSHALL	GILBERT TROSPER
E. MORTON FARWELL	GEORGE W. MARVIN	FRED L. WRIGHT JR.
GERALDINE GNESA	EDWARD McDOWELL	DEWEY YEAGER
	LOUIS MALONE	



EDWARD McDOWELL

GERTRUDE MATTHEW

FRANKLIN SOWELL



VERA STUMP

RALPH BROWN

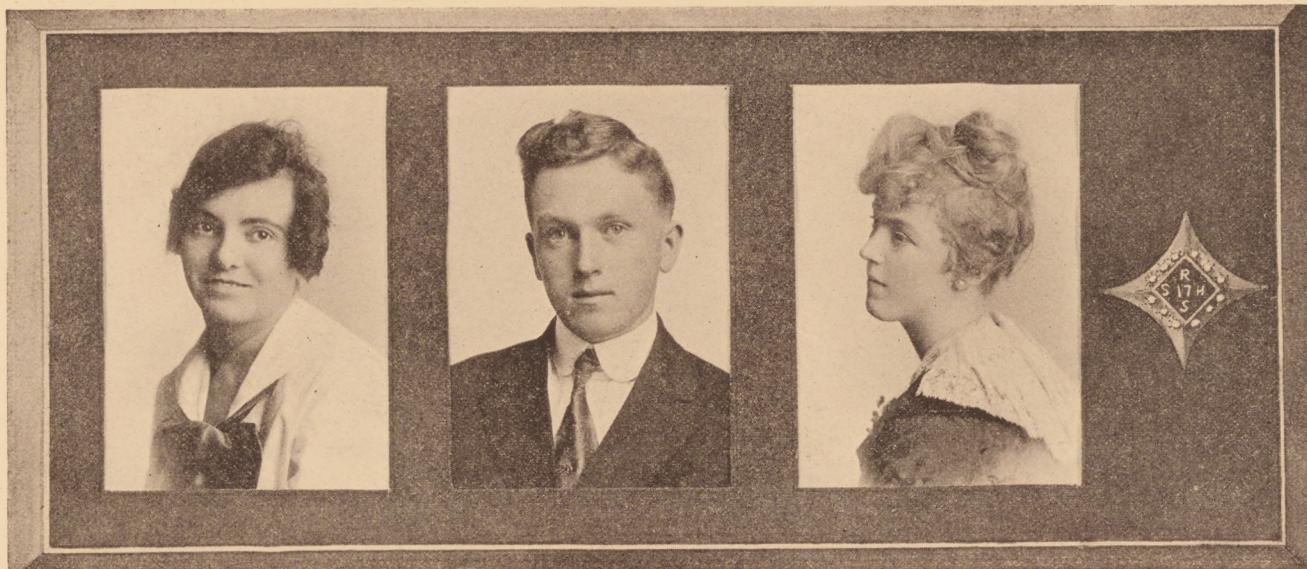
ANITA CHAPMAN



GILBERT TROSPER

GLADYS DIETZ

SAMUEL DOUGHERTY



BERNICE ANDREWS

ROY MITCHIE

ADELLA ARNOLD



HAZEL COOPER

FRED WRIGHT

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AUGUSTA PEDROTTI

DEWEY YEAGER

OLIVE SPOTSWOOD



ORRIE MYERS

ROENE EMERY

WILLIAM MARSHALL



WESLEY CLINE

EMMA CHRISTENSEN

ORVILLE LAMBERT



ANDREW MERCER

SAMUEL KISTLER

HAZEL GRAHAM



LOUIS MALONE

ELRENE BROWN

CLIFFORD BELL



DWIGHT BARNETT

EDNA BAUM

LEONARD PAVLIK



GLADYS SWANETS

WALTER DAYHUFF

MARIE MORRIS



MELVA KINDIG

MORTON FARWELL

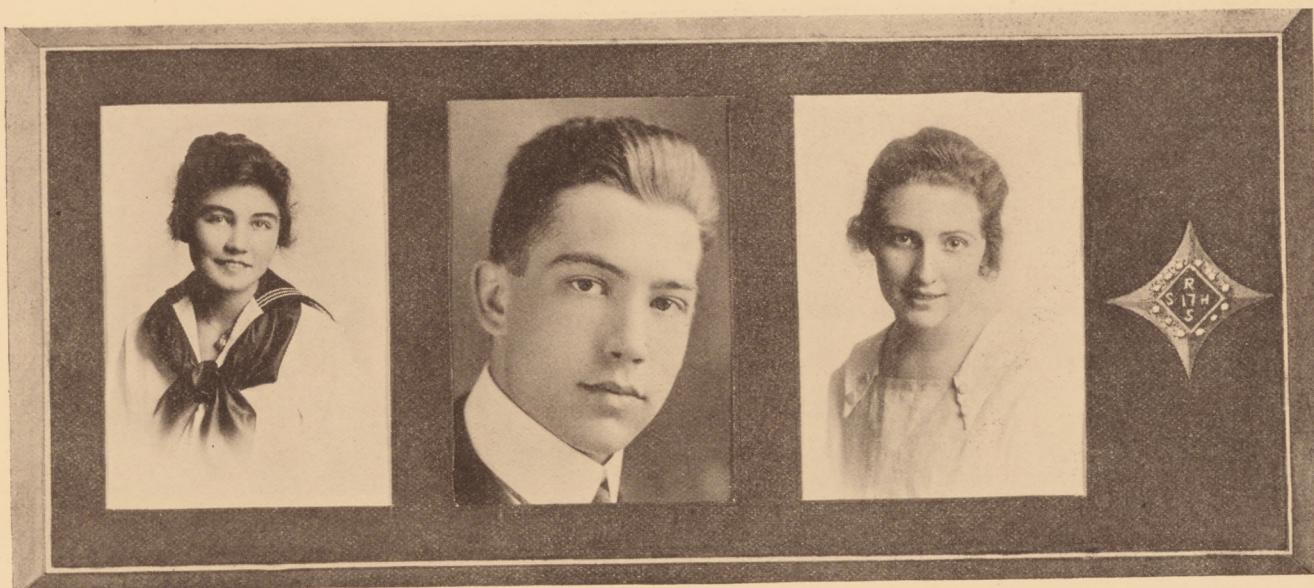
ANGELENE LEPORI



AGNETTA NELSON

POWELL McDONOUGH

ISABEL BOLTON



EVELYN LAUGHLIN

GEORGE MARVIN

SUSIE MARNELL



HELEN MILLER

ERNEST NIELSEN

BLANCHE NOBLE



LEGRO PRESSLEY

EDNA AUSTIN

LEONARD TALBOT



FREDERICK KELLOGG

EDITH MILLER

HAROLD BELLUS

History of Class of '17

HISTORIANS have an inclination to pass lightly over the period in history known as the Dark Ages; (therefore, I feel justified in omitting entirely the period when we learned our a-b-c's—a period which to us was truly a Dark Age.) From our elementary school days I shall pass to 1913, to the period when, as a united class, we entered Santa Rosa High School.

Perhaps the first recollection that we, the dignified Seniors of '17, have of our High School life, was the sound of the voice of a grinning upper-classman saying, "This is my seat, please," when as green and bashful Freshmen we chanced to seat ourselves in assembly. Oh, for the day when we might say to equally green and bashful Freshmen, "This is my seat, please!" And that day came! In the meantime, however, our efforts were not confined to longings. We were duly initiated into school life at the Freshmen Reception. At once we began to reap honors. The occasion was the Interclass Meet, in which we won first place. At this time an event in the history of the school took place. The monthly issue of the "Echo" was replaced by the "Weekly," and an annual issue of the "Echo."

As Sophomores we kept up our good record in

athletics. Weeks, Myers and Pressley added many points to the league meets. The girls were represented in basketball, their sole activity, by Hazel Cooper and Angelena Lepori. But the social events were not forgotten. Two enjoyable parties were held—one at the Annex, and one at the home of Frederick Kellogg. Our issue of the "Weekly," with Frances Payne as editor, proved to be the best paper edited up to that time. The joy of the entire class in producing a better one than that produced by the Juniors, was unbounded. It was during our Sophomore year that the school band was first organized.

Too often classes seem to lose their school spirit during their Junior year, but not so with our class. The reputation that we had made for ourselves during the previous two years was not only maintained, but raised. In athletics our class was foremost. Again we won the Interclass meet. To Wayne Weeks much of the credit in athletics fell due. He won laurels not only for himself, but for the school, both in Southern California and in the games around home. During the first semester, the Seniors entertained us at a most elaborate reception in the Annex. This we returned the following semester, when their term at school was

fast nearing its close. As Juniors, our girls became members of the Junior-Senior Girls' Organization, and have done their part in the improvement of the school. The class picnic was another event not to be soon forgotten, both because of the good time, and the attacks of poison oak enjoyed by several of the members.

We entered into our Senior year, the last lap in the run, with a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow—joy to think that soon we should be out taking a larger place in the world, and sorrow to think that soon we should be leaving High School, the center of much happiness during the past three years. The year has passed so quickly that we wonder how so much could have been crowded into ten short months. Under the leader-

ship of Legro Pressley, as Student Body President, the work of the Student Body has been greatly improved. With Frances Payne as editor, a great change for the better was noticed in the paper. The long-standing debt on it was at last paid. It was at this time that the School Bank was organized. The boys' record in athletics was kept up. The girls' activity was changed from basketball to indoor baseball. We had several social gatherings in the form of parties.

Thus the year has drawn to a close. The future alone must decide what part a class, seventy in number, and the largest to leave Santa Rosa High School, with such a glorious past, will play in the world's work.

VERA STUMP, '17.



“As You Like It”

JT SURELY was not “As YOU Like It” but as many liked it, when on the evening of June 12th, the Senior Class of '17 presented one of William Shakespeare's most beautiful plays.. Over a thousand spectators viewed with mingled enthusiasm, mirth, and admiration the production of the drama on the High School campus. “As You Like It,” essentially an outdoor play, was given in one of the most delightful seasons of the year. It was entirely a school production, as all talent came from the school. That the play was complete in every detail was due to the hearty co-operation of both students and the faculty.

The charming setting of manzanita, catalpa, magnolia tree and shrubs, with stately trees and a velvety carpet of green, was artistically designed by Miss Ethel Abeele head of the Art Department. The mystical realm of woodland and the fascinating gardens of a palace, transported the audience from the hum-drum existence of today to the delightful and fantastic life of centuries ago. Indeed, much of the success of the play was due to the setting.

The brilliant and beautiful costumes, with the

exception of half a dozen, which were rented, because of the difficulty in making them, were designed entirely by Miss Dorothy Wilkinson, head of the Sewing Department. The costumes were made by the Mothers' Club and the sewing classes. It was owing to the costuming, complete to the smallest detail, that the brilliant effect was gained.

All the vocal work was directed by Mr. Robert Maile, of the Music Department, who trained the choruses for the play. The orchestra was capably led by Mr. Roy Blosser. His work was much appreciated, and the effect gained was more than pleasing. The orchestra included: Milton Saare, piano; Perry Bonar, Margaret Bailey and Leonard Richardson, first violins; Ruth Feliz and Will Carithers, second violins; Leonard Talbot, flute; Harold Nielsen, clarinet; Ernest Nielsen, trombone; Orville Lambert, drums; Glen Huntington and Arthur Swanets, cornets; Shirley Ward, horn; Leland Hodgson, bass horn.

The dancing of the fairies, of the shepherds and shepherdesses, and the bridal attendants, was under the supervision of Miss Annie Jones, the gymnasium instructor.

It was with remarkable skill that the entire cast of characters portrayed their parts, while enacting this drama. Much credit is due Eleanor Howard for her charming manner in the portrayal of Rosalind, and to Ione Long for the grace with which she sustained the part of Celia.

Two of the most difficult roles, those of Touchstone and Jacques, were most cleverly sustained by Franklin Sowell and Morton Farwell. The fool drew mirth and laughter from the spectators whenever he appeared, and the sage character of Jacques was greatly admired.

Orlando was remarkably well taken by Fred Wright, who played his part both at the court and in the forest, with much skill and ease. Arne Hanson, as Oliver, played the part unusually well.

The two Dukes were difficult roles, but well rendered by Gilbert Trosper and Wesley Cline. Donald Carithers, playing the parts of Sir Oliver Martex and Le Beau, showed ease, while Ralph Brown, as Charles, the wrestler, acted a strong part.

Walter Dayhuff and Fred Kellogg, as Dennis and Adam, servants to Oliver, supported the rest of the cast in a laudable way, and Harold Bellus, as Amicus, a lord living with the banished duke, took his part in a very natural and pleasing manner.

Phoebe, the shepherdess, so sure of her charm, was portrayed by Gertrude Matthew. It was a role well supported by the attending shepherdesses, Hazel

Graham, Gladys Dietz, Anita Chapman, and Irene Bacigalupi.

Playing opposite Phoebe was Dwight Barnett, as Sylvius, the love-sick shepherd. He showed his deep and everlasting love for his shepherdess in a most amusing way.

Leonard Talbot, as Coren, a shepherd, and Orville Lambert, as William, a rough country fellow, in love with Audrey, sustained their roles with much skill; while the foresters, ladies of the court, pages and bridal attendants, in their quaint costumes, added to the attractiveness of the scenes. Audrey, the little country girl, and love of Touchstone, was cleverly acted by Gladys Dietz. The audience fell in love with her at once, and her small stature in contrast to that of her lover, brought forth peals of laughter. Together they won much applause.

But perhaps the most important individuals in the production of a play are the director and the business manager. The former was filled by Miss Ida Moodey, dean of the High School, and it was due mainly to her untiring efforts that the play was the success it was. She was assisted by Mrs. R. M. Barrett. Legro Pressley capably managed the business problems.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duke, living in exile.....	Wesley Cline
Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.....	Gilbert Trosper
Amicus	Harold Bellus

Jacques Morton Farwell
Lads attending upon the Lord in his banishment
Le Beau, a Courtier attending up Frederick.....Donald Carithers
Charles, his wrestler.....Ralph Brown
Oliver Arne Hansen
Orlando Fred Wright
Adam Fred Kellogg
Dennis Walter Dayhuff
Servants to Oliver
Touchstone, a Fool.....Franklin Sowell
Sir Oliver Martext, a Vicar.....Donald Carithers
Coren Leonard Talbot
Sylvius Dwight Barnett
William, a country fellow in love with Audrey.....Orville Lambert
Rosalind, daughter to the banish Duke.....Eleanor Howard
Celia, daughter to Frederick.....Ione Long
Phoebe, a Shepherdess.....Gertrude Matthew

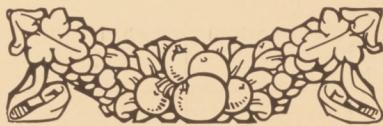
Audrey, a country girl.....Gladys Dietz

Foresters: Orville Lambert, Peter Maroni, Andrew Mercer, Edward McDowell, Orrie Myers, William Marshall, and Ernest Nielsen.

Ladies of the Court: Augusta Pedrotti, Isabella Shank, Agnetta Nelson, Evelyn Laughlin, Bernice Andrews, Adella Arnold, Christine Schmidt, Olive Spottswood, Emma Christensen, Roene Emery, Marie Morris, Gail Hawley, Gladys Swanets, Lila Sullivan, Naomi Hamner, Grace Shriver, Blanche Noble, Harriet Bussman, Helen Miller, Alma Eddy, and Edith Miller.

Court Pages: Homer Percy and Morton Farwell.

Bridal Attendants: Cecelia Bacigalupi, Fay Kroeger, Geraldine Brush, Dorothy Seawell, Bernice Rodgers, Leona Nielsen, Bernice Morrow, Ida Springer, Eva Dont, Elaine Badger, Katherine Priggs, Alberta Cook, Eleanor McGregor, Margaret Hahmann, Margaret Upp, Sarah Lewis, Eleanor Cockburn, Anita Snodgrass, Elizabeth Thompson, and Rose Rossi.



" Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us--To see oursils as ither see us "

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Leed	Meek	"I'll raise you a jit"	Verda	Pompadour	Reciting	Band-leader	Successor to Joe Imwalle
	I	Queenly	"Makes me sore"	Furniture	Hair	Willful eyes	Theda Bara	Farmer's wife
	Ed	Docile	"And—a—"	Rubber-heeled shoes	Sprightly step	Worried look	Man-hater	Polygimist
	Arn	Tall	"Gee Whiz!"	To talk	New-styled Ford	Echo Staff	To get a date with Sue	Property man
	Midget	Class	"Heavens!"	To be noticed	Clothes	The mirror	To marry him	Waitress
	Mac	Immaculate	"Huh "	His Mother	Brown English shoes	Collars and cuffs	To be serious	Dentist
	Peter	Unruffled	"O, Dear!"	To blush	Blond tresses	Fixing them	To be a Co-ed	Hair-dresser
	Tal	Pious	"Then, too, the idear—"	Speeching	Side-burns	Arguments	Ariator	Chimney-sweep

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us---To see ourselves as ither see us"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Gusta	Happy-go-lucky	"I guess so"	The country	Stroll	Latin	Farmeress	Missionary
	Georgie	Pompous	Oh, I don't know!"	Money	Baby 'Overland	Isabel	Politician	Bolton's groom
	Is	Exasperated	"George and me"	George and the pony	Blond hair	Yellow shoes	Heights of society	Actress
	Dew	Dreamy	"Yes, indeed"	Dreaming	Good marks	Soft voice	To be a man	Iceman
	Mel	Jolly	"Oh, Kid!"	Sewing	Daintiness	Junior bids	To reduce	Woman Cop
	Doe	Majestic	"Let me explain"	Making speeches	Brains	Cigarettes	To be a doctor	Veterinary
	Gert	Phebe	"Lausie!"	To collect Senior dues	Brown boots	Laugh	To live alone with a cat	Living skeleton in a sideshow
	Mert	Pleasing	"By Golly!"	Nurses	Smile	Gert	Lawyer	Married man
	Snite	Saucy	"Oh!"	Clothes	Nose	Roving eyes	To be dignified	Dressmaker

"Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us---To see oursils as ither see us"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
        	Ev	Sweet	"Yes; I know"	To recite	Clothes	Jeweled comb	To remain single	Red Cross nurse
	Mort	Apollo-like	"Not at all"	Donna	Laugh	Flirting	Comedian	Astronomer
	Angy	Angelic	"I don't care"	Helen	Fuzzy top-foliage	Basketball	Something soft	Ticket girl at the Cline
	Just Orrie	Cute	"Oh, my back"	To tease	Grin	Track	To be a swell	Track coach
	Blan	Demure	Uses no slang	History	Regular features	Ardella A.	To succeed	Ballet dancer
	Gil	Gaukey	"Haw! Haw!"	The female species	Bushy hair	Absence of razor	Paderewski	Proprietor Edward's Luchery
	V	Bustling	"Well, it's this way"	All the teachers	Manly stride	Speeches	Amazon	Governor of California.
	Gemett	Scholarly	"Say it, down	Athletics	Business-like ways	Blue Sox	Basketball shark	Animal trainer
	Eddie	Beaming	"Well, you know"	Shirtwaists	Glasses	Fix of her hair	Marriage	Woman aviator

"Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us---To see ousils as ither see us"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Sam	Important	"Hot dog"	Bluffing	Sporty glasses	Petaluma	To get a girl	Reformer
	Frank	Innocent	"Good-night"	Warren Kerrigan	Red hair	Speedy gait	Journalist	Manager of a water pistol factory
	Jaz	Reckless	"No fooling"	Automobiles	Checked pinch-back	Studying late	Banker	Chauffeur
	Maud	Attractive	"Let's see"	Frances	Silk sox	Note book and pencil	Alaska	Africa
	Fat	Fairy-like	"O, shoot"	The girls	Pug nose	Gum	Dentist	Prize fighter
	Issie	Fat	"Ernie and I"	Ernie	Hair	Studebaker Six	Ernie	Ernie
	Ernie	Smiling	"Let's get Going"	Issie	Rosy cheeks	Studebaker Six	Issie	Issie
	Walt	Infantile	"Can't talk yet"	Clifford	Smile	Indian motorcycle	To appear Grown-up	Street sweeper
	Al	Independent	"Fiddle-sticks"	To study	Deep voice	Obsecrity	President of Ladies' Aid	Cook

"Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us---To see ousils as ither see us"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Kippie	Antique	"I think so"	Walter D.	Hair	Grey suits	Surveyor	Masher
	Del	Blond	"Why, yes"	Bright hues	Plaid Coat	B'anche N.	Society woman	Dean of S. R. H. S.
	Bill	Pretty	"Home-cooking"	Himself	Complexion	Corner store	To graduate	Druggist
	Glad	Gentle	"I won't tell"	History	Eyes	Knowing Everything	Business Woman	Old maid
	Mich	Towhead	"Nope!"	Hector	Yellow hair	Geom.	To teach history	Agriculturalist
	Roe	Studious	"Well, yes"	To study	E's	Has none	To teach	Suffragette
	Pete	Little	"Hit 'em where they aint"	Baseball	Grin	Slang	Star pitcher	Dog catcher
	El	SS dish	"Why-a-a"	Dewey	Rinstone Hairpins	Rings	To be important	Heiress
	Pav	Sporty	"Uh-huh"	Mr. Brown-scombe	Cleveland Car	Church	Aviator	Farmer

"Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us---To see ousils as ither see us"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Tommy	Coquettish	"For goodness sake"	Primping	Rose Sweater	Pocket mirror	To get Married	Housekeeper
	Sammie	Interrogative	"Yes, but--"	Dwight	Goggles	Books	To grow seven feet	Scientist
	Harry	Freakish	"O my Lord!"	Wearing 'em higher	Hats	Mirror	Fellows	Wife of a Policeman
	Louie	Intellectual	"Wal"	He won't say	Voice	Sweater	To be a farmer	Vernon Castle II
	One of the Twins	Always with Hazel	"Gee!"	Mischief	Bangs	Saying pieces	Peggy O'Niel	Lady Clown
	Frank	Nifty	"I've got a date, fellows"	Marjorie	Eyes	White sox	Benedict	Clown
	The other Twin	Abreviated	"Gee!"	G'ndys	Humor	Writing poetry	To grow	Usher at the Cline
	Bub	Important	"Like to see you all out"	Governing Board	Feet	Speeches	To run a Ford	Bell hop
	Haz	Cunning	"O, Mercy"	Vera S.	Red Curls	Cleverness	To graduate	Minister's wife

"Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us---To see ousils as ither see us "

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Agnett	Busybody	"O, Say—"	To gossip	Good nature	Tasting in Chem.	To be grown up	Anarchist
	Barn	Gallant	"Oh, my!"	Dwight Barnett	Shape	Miss Grey	Chinese instructor	Bartender
	Sue	Cute	"Sakes Alive!"	Jokes	Giggle	Reciting	To grow thin	Duchess
	Andy	Ferocious	"Yes, sir!"	Ice cream sodas	Checked cap	Book strap	Graduation	Sailor
	Ollie	Quiet	"I think I know"	Alma E.	Sport shoes	Burgundy Dress	Bridesmaid	French governess
	Don	Conceited	"Can you imagine that"	To be admired	Clothes	The gov's store	Heart-breaker	Boot black
	Ignatz	Graceful	"O gosh!"	To get bids	Purple Coat	Dancing	Ladv Duff-Gordon	Single Bessedness
	Ed	Nervous	"Oh heck"	Country girls	Glasses	Walk	Doctor	Undertaker
	Helene	Very studious	"Oh, now!"	Tillie	Getting in strong with Miss Wirt	Many books	To appear ignorant.	Milk maid

" Oh! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us---To see oursils as ithers see us"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Favorite Saying	Likes Most	Redeeming Feature	Failing	Aim	Future
	Ted	Learned	"I have to study"	Grinning	Size	Girls	To get a date	Trapezeist
	Ger-ald-ine	Dashing	"Naw!"	Brilliant colors	Grey eyes	Coiffuer	The New York guy	Snake charmer
	Will	Sleepy	"Sure"	Studying	Drawl	Hair cuts	Artist	Furnace man
	Em	Religious	"I think so"	Physiology	Complexion	Middies	Hair dresser	Charity Worker
	Heine	Blank	"Is that in the Constitution"	Manicuring his nails	Red Sweater	Dutch-cut hair	To take pictures	Barber
	Brick	Fiery	"Bah jove!"	To show off	Wit	Dramatics	Clergyman	Fireman
	Ede	Pretty Baby	"Darn it"	Dolling	Ear rings	Flirting	Heiress	Manicurist in a barber shop

Class Prophecy

Oh, Master of the Great Unseen!
Ye Spirit of the astral plane!
Reveal the scattered Class of Seventeen
Oh, let me see them all again.

“Come wander then with me,” he said,
“Into the regions still untrod,
And there read what is still unread,
Upon the manuscripts of God.”

* * * * *

Invention claimed her tale of men,
From our old class chose eight or ten,
Now Morton changed his Ford machine,
Into a one-man submarine.

Silk worms and linen bugs combined
(McDonough has an easy find)
Makes linen shirts with silken collars,
And turns his pennies into dollars.

Then Andrew Mercier won his fame,
And made his an immortal name,
He, everlasting tires, made
Out of old doughnuts, worn and frayed.

A new and wonderful invention
Is occupying “Brick’s” attention,
Perpetual motion, he thinks is hung
Upon the wagging of the tongue.

Dede Hodgson, multi-millionaire,
Whose mansion is in Delaware,
Made piles of money from the war,
His men are working near and far.

Remodeling U boats into yachts
By first removing rusty spots,
With ivory soap and gasoline,
Then painting them a vivid green.

Now Major-General Wesley Cline,
Completely crushed the German line,
While Arne struck the fatal blow
At Kaiser “Bill” and laid him low.

Then Edna Baum and Elrene Brown
And Christine Schmidt from our old town,
All organized a small drum corps,
And started for the seat of war.

As lord of Asti Colony,
Malone, the tyrant, gets his fee,
And Geraldine with smiling face,
Is overseer of the place.

Sam Kistler's doing things up neat,
As Janitor of the Elite,
And Leonard Talbot, let me say,
Gives dancing lessons night and day.

The great Ty Cobb, is now no more,
Since Pete Maroni broke his score,
And M. Gemeti at the bat,
Made Matthewson take off his hat.

And now methinks I see Agnetta,
With Bellus in an operetta,
Starring in "His Checkered Suit,"
She dances, while he plays the flute.

As high Lord Gobble of Turkark,
Carithers, our old history shark,
Replaced the Sultan's lost eyelash,
And won a title and some cash.

Since Willie Hearst became non est,
Our Frances hasn't had a rest.
She stepped with ease into his place,
And proves a blessing to the race.

Oldham took creosote for beer,
And 'twas the last of him I fear,
While Dwight committed hari-kara,
While playing "leads" with Theda Bara.

G. Swanets does the best she can,
While posing for the camera-man,
And when the day draws to a close,
She is quite ready for repose.

The Nielsen, working night and day,
Are sure to make the business pay,
And always try to keep ahead
Of Pedersen's, Irene and Fred.

In India, beyond the sea,
L. Pavlik now appears to me,
In royal harem, now he reigns,
Each week a wife, and six pounds gains.

To foreign lands McDowell went,
To soften criminals he was sent.
They welcomed him gladly to their shore,
But he returned, ah; never more !

Gertrude Matthew has won a name.
In literature she sought for fame,
Her Masterpiece, "The Lame Sardine,"
Appears now on the movie screen.

Professor Clifford Bell of Yale,
Is serving thirteen months in jail,
For blowing up the college grounds,
While mixing chemical compounds.

And Gilbert Trosper's serving time,
Because he passed a bogus dime,
At Yeager's ravioli joint,
That's stationed up at Stewart's Point.

Since Edith Miller left old high,
She's hunted jobs, both far and nigh,
She was when I last heard of her,
The President's stenographer.

An undertaker, Orrie is,
You'd scarcely know his jolly phiz.
He does not hasten, does not run,
To bury those whose work is done.

Mayor Pressley left this past week-end,
For Hollywood, to see his friend,
Bill Marshall, in his latest pose,
"The Mystery of the Scarlet Nose."

The Marvins, George and Isabel,
I see are doing very well.
Within a cottage by the sea,
They dwell in bliss and harmony.

In Utah, Merton takes his stand,
Proclaiming loud throughout the land,
The doctrine of the Mormon creed,
That many wives a man doth need.

Fay Tincture did a girl enthrall,
And won her heart beyond recall,
Gail Hawley now upon the screen,
In Tincture comedy is seen.

A doctor, Mitchie has become,
Yet still persists in chewing gum.
As solemn and sedate he goes,
To cure the sick, or end their woes.

Irene Nathanson is seen,
Where wintry winds blow cold and keen.
The Eskimo attends her school,
And often feels the teacher's rule.

Miss Sue Marnell who crossed the sea,
Ambassador to Germany,
Saw Mrs. Melba Kindig-Crook,
The German President's new cook.

In Greenland mid the drifting snows,
O. Spottswood, for the Eskimos,
A gumdrop factory runs I see,
And established a hot dog foundary.

On board the U. S. S. Creampuff,
Lieutenant Sowell, in a huff,
Raved at the women sailoretts,
And called them cats and suffragets.

With "cuds" of gum they strewed the deck,
Till Franklin slipped and broke his neck,
And Captain Dayhuff like a crank,
Made all the women walk the plank.

First Helen Miller, and Roene,
With firmest step and haughty mean,
Adella, Blanche and Angelene,
Fell splashing in the foaming brine.

Then poor Bernice, with Alma Eddie,
With wobbly knees and steps unsteady,
Harriet and Edna, calm but pale,
Fell in the mouth of a passing whale.

Dear Gladys Dietz we now will place,
Of busy brain and saucy face,
With uplift work her life she fills,
And helps to lessen other's ills.

The other twin, now where is she?
Not far away can Hazel be,
Together work they side by side,
Good cheer and hope with them abide.

Anita, in a gingham dress,
Spends her time raising water cress,
And Evelyn with Naomi's help,
Makes lettuce salad out of kelp.

Fred Kellogg started up a trade,
And quite a fortune he has made,
Selling thumb-tacks by the box,
Thus peg-legs fasten up their sox.

Since his success in the class play,
Fred Wright is not the same today.
So large his head is swelling that
With a shoe horn he dons his hat.

To politics some turned their minds,
And ran for office of all kinds.
The latest speaker, she's a trump,
Her name, you know it, Vera Stump.

Supreme Court Judge, Sam Dougherty,
Erect, with solemn dignity,
Sat in the case of Long vs. Brown,
The most exciting scrap in town.

Ione's three chicken broke their coop,
And wandered through the tiny loop,
Where Brown's six spuds grew in a row,
To feed our troops if food got low.

Augusta Pedrotti, aviatrix,
Is certainly in an awful fix,
For she fell, while flying over the bay,
And sunk to the bottom, so they say.

Before thee, with the Spirit's aid,
The Class of Seventeen I've laid.
At his own work, we've shown to thee,
Each Senior as revealed to me !

The Last Will and Testament

WE, the class of nineteen seventeen, while yet in brilliant mind and body, and in view of the fact that the world will soon be devoid of the genius so predominant among our numbers; and considering that a few of our valuable assets and characteristics as well as possessions should be handed down to posterity, and realizing that in this world of delights and disappointments we may not know when or where our weary feet shall cease their upward course on life's pathway, do now with trembling hands and unselfish hearts make our last will and testament.

Knowing well that this institution of learning is, upon the removal of the Senior Class, to be deprived

of the largest and most speedy portion of the school athletes, we leave their talent afore-mentioned to the Sophomores, both girls and boys, hoping they will benefit thereby.

The clever and captivating art of comedy so frequently found throughout our class, in many and varied forms, we leave to the Freshmen, that they may make more precocious Sophomores.

Looking backward in our path of triumphal glory, we are compelled against our will to acknowledge most of the activities of our school have been instigated and headed by members of our facetious class. Therefore we bequeath said ability and power to the Faculty, requesting that they distribute it carefully throughout the remaining classes, with due consideration of our past dignity and pomp.

Lastly, feeling under deep and lasting obligation to our friends the Juniors, and realizing full well that it is our bond and duty to leave something to them, after much thought and investigation, we leave them, and not without tears, Grace Shriver and Adella Burke. Our coveted and well kept desks in the rear of the Study Hall, they may have, if they are as careful of them as we have been.

And now, being shorn of our powers and privileges as a class, we make our individual wills.

I, Bernice Andrews, as my end draws nigh, do bequeath my pocket-mirror and powder-puff to Bernice Showers. My ability of evading Mr. Steele in U. S. History I give to Marie Beutal.

Viewing with fast dimming eyes my nearing end, I, Ralph Brown, leave all my sorrows and bitter woes to O'Meara Jordan that he may sober down. My popularity with the fair-sex I shall keep to use until my dying moment.

I, Ione Long, will and bequeath my interest in "Ye Art Store" to Eleanor Howard. A small portion of my surplus avordupois I leave to be divided equally among Eloise Robbins, Marie Roberts, and Margaret Letold.

Being of sound mind and good understanding, I, Legro Pressley, at the head of this body of students, leave my best shoes to George Long. My corduroys I sadly will to Juilliard McDonald.

I, Hazel Graham, wishing to make my last will and testament, do bequeath my extreme height to Helen

Crane. My fondness for my teachers I leave to Bona Griffin.

Realizing that the end is near, I, Isabella Schank, leave my heavy hair to Ruth Rodgers. My slim figure I will to Beth Haskell, and my fondness for Mr. McKesson I leave to Madge Laird.

I, Gilbert Trosper, in making my will, do bequeath my kinky locks to Edgar Talmadge. The dramatic ability which I possess, I leave to Arthur Swanets.

Seeing the end not far off, I, Sam Dougherty, the hero of the Seniors, leave my coal black pompadour to Hector Michie; my fondness for Petaluma and vicinity I will to Pinkey Grey.

I, Melva Kindig, do will and bequeath my sunny disposition to Lela Pool, and my knowledge of millinery Frieda Walker may have.

Owing to the high cost of paper and the general high cost of living, I, Susie Marnell, do hereby request that my habit of passing notes be not passed down, but devastated and thus benefit the school financially. My lack of a sense of humor I leave Dorothy Kellogg.

Realizing that my days are numbered, I, Roy Michie, do hereby leave my curly blond hair to Lila Sullivan, and my ability as a History shark I leave to Charlie Ball.

I, Gladys Swanets, do bequeath my habit of shouting history answers to my neighbors to Aileen Donovan, hoping she may get away with it as well as I have; I also leave my red flannel middy to Frances Jordan.

I, Elrene Brown, bequeath my Latin binder to Evangeline Brreak, and my tattered collar I willingly leave to Miss Koepke, hoping it will materially add to her wardrobe.

Knowing that I shall soon have to leave my height of distinction, I, George Marvin, leave my business ability and my business-like ways to Wendell Wilson. The car I leave to Amerigo Demio, hoping he and the girl may make as happy an appearance as Isabel and I have.

I, Helen Miller, leave my studious nature to Gertude Baker. My fondness for Tillie Schultz I leave to Hazel Fry.

I, Olive Spottswood, fearing my future because of my reckless existence, leave my burgundy dress and white collar to Edna Higgison, and my black hair to Mary De Bolt.

I, Alma Eddie, being of sound mind, leave my much beloved school books to Mervyn Coalbroth. I also leave my green dress to Cedora Ely, that she may make the latest Spanish style out of it.

Being of sure bodily strength, I, Augusta Pedrotti, leave my ability as a hiker to Hazel Raphael, knowing it will aid her to reduce. I also will my art of hairdressing to Rosalind Bacigalupi.

I, Frederick Kellogg, do hereby bequeath my ability as a leader of the most successful Jazz band of the season to Ernest Price, and my terrible habit of blinking to Milton Saare, hoping that it will avenge my wrath

incited by his kidnapping the illustrious Lillian Rinner from my presence.

I Merton Meeker, being of sound mind, do hereby will my job with the Chamber of Commerce to Ernest Allen; and my interest in nurses, minister's daughters, and girls in general to Andrew Lagan.

I, Samuel Kistler, the pigmy of the Seniors, do will and bequeath my form for the School flag-pole. A few of my many brains, I give to Paul Johnson.

I, Hazel Cooper, having long since finished school, leave my coquettish red curls to Mabel Jones, and my big eyes to Cecil Swanets.

Seeing a near end to my royal career, I, Irene Bacigalupi, bequeath my flashing eyes and fascinating smile to Inez Russell; my majestic bearing Lorene Johnson may have if she will use it well.

I, Walter Dayhuff, do hereby bequeath my great size to Harold Davis, and my ability as a shark in Physics to Evelyn Johnson, knowing she will soon need it. Lastly, I will my jazzy sport shirts to Edison McLeod.

I, Roene Emery, do will my ability to obtain E's to Muriel Mitchell knowing that she covets them, and my secret of graduating in two and one-half years to any Freshman who is willing to work as hard as I did.

Owing to the fact that the school will soon be minus a "Society leader," I, Donald Carithers, wish to resign from that position, that it may be occupied by Frank Fenton. My enchanting smile and affectionate nature

I leave to the same person, that it may aid him in fulfilling the requirements of that office.

I, Edna Baum, leave my most marvelous messo-soprano voice to Leonora Shearer. I also bequeath my active step and green skirt to Vera Williams that she also may soon become the fashion-plate of the school.

I, Leonard Talbot, being of clever mind, wishing to make my last will and testament, do hereby bequeath my argumentary powers to Verne Smith, hoping he will make as good and constant use of it as I have.

Sadly, I, Ardella Arnold, leave my fondness for riotous colors, including bright silk sox, yellow ties, and wardrobe in general, to Jewel Hodgson, that it may further brighten her conspicuous appearance.

Being in best of health and mind, I, Louis Malone, leave my boisterous manner to Art McDowell, knowing his ability as a comedian.

I, Marcus Gemetti, knowing that my days are numbered, leave my ability as a baseball shark to Frank O'Connor, and my old gray coat I leave to Burnett Dibble.

I, Fred Wright, leave my stately walk and pompadour, and my pull with Miss O'Meara to Homer Percy, hoping that it may do him more harm than good.

Knowing what a frivilous reputation I have obtained in my High School life, I, Vera Stump, leave my ability as a U. S. History shark to Alida Showers, and my beloved fountain pen I leave to Bessie Shane, hoping it may aid her in keeping up history reports.

I, Gladys Dietz, seeing that I shall not live, do bequeath my quaint appearance to Edith Moore. My bangs I leave to Myrtle Whitaker, and not without sorrow.

Knowing full well that I am soon to enter my grave, I, Leonard Pavlik, leave my habit of spending my recess at the corner store to any freshman wishing to get in dutch with "Monty." My faithful old "bike" I leave to Miss Pettit.

Being ready to enter the pearly gates, if they open for me, I, Peter Maroni, leave my ability as a short-stop to Harrison Leppo, and my saying, "Hot Dogs," to anyone that will attempt to holler it in the study hall.

I, Will Oldham, as a member of the Senior class, do bequeath my rosy complexion to Jesse Taylor, and my manly walk I leave to Wayne Weeks.

I, Morton Farwell, with much unhappiness, leave my singing ability to Tid Wright, knowing her great desire to become a Prima Dona. The Ford I will to Ruth and Wilma Comstock, to use in case theirs balks.

I, Irene Nathanson, leave my position of the greatest importance among the girls to Edna Hawkshaw. My conspicuous and sporty skirts I leave to Virginia Gregory.

Being so quiet and in such good humor, I, Blanche Noble, leave my speed in typing to Josephine McCarthy that she may eventually finish her first lesson. I also leave my old plug to any one wishing chicken feed.

I, Frank Sowell, do hereby bequeath my ability for getting dates with Marjorie to Mark Mallory. My gaudy ties and white sox I leave to Walter Black, knowing they will add much to his speed.

I, Angelena Lepori, leave my fuzzy locks to Verda Davis. My fondness for the boys I will to Anna Lee.

In considering my cheerful end, I, Dewey Yeager, leave my ability in civics to any poor bonehead who is willing to come at eight bells in the morning, and who will read thoroughly all the references Mr. Steele suggests.

Sorrowfully viewing my approaching end, I, Marie Morris, bequeath to the future Freshmen all my boldness, and my interest in school parties to Genevieve Wright.

I, Edna Austin, gladly going to my end from this world of grief, leave my elaborate coiffure to Gladys Woods, my elastic step I leave to Laura Wickham.

Being almost of sound mind, I, Harriet Bussman, leave my long dresses and rose sweater to my sister, Genevieve, that she may get in strong with Miss O'Meara. Dorothy Adams may have my giggle.

I, Anite Chapman, do hereby bequeath my American beauty dress to Marie Albers, hoping it will add to her attractiveness. My quiet manner I leave to Marion Peterson.

Viewing my end with mingled regret, I, Geraldine Gnesa, after due consideration, leave my cerise sweater

and silk sox to Aileen Kistler. And the art of fixing my curly hair I leave to Sarah Fisk.

I Evelyn Laughlin, knowing I must soon leave them, will my many lovely dresses to Elvira Kenworthy, and my long tresses to Verda Davis, knowing that she needs them.

Fearing my undoubtful end, I, Harold Bellus, do bequeath my silk shirt to Dewey Beal and, my red sweater to Perry Bonar, as his gray one will probably wear out sometime.

I, Edith Miller, without further preliminaries, will and bequeath my purple plush coat to Gladys Trosper. My ear rings, both great and small, I leave to Dixie Hendley.

I, Orrie Myers, leave my interest in Mr. Steele to some Junior that will attempt the one hundred yard dash, and make as speedy a success as I have. My grin and art of teasing every one in general I leave to Fay Hiatt, hoping he will make a hit with the girls.

I, Gail Hawley, in looking over my possessions and attributes, will my beloved old checkered coat to Elizabeth Pressley, knowing it will enhance her slimness. My beloved (?) bookkeeping books I leave to Mr. McKesson that he may remember the pleasant days, when I studiously used them.

Sadly viewing my approaching end, I Ernest Nielsen, leave my fascinating smile and capivating dimples to Hugh Haskell to aid him in his triumph with the fair

sex. The path I have faithfully worn up Beaver street I bequeath to my brother Harold, knowing he will need it on his visits to Julia.

I, Isabel Bolton, realizing that I am fast growing infirm, leave my style and class to Agnes Beal, and my success in keeping thin to Janet Smith, knowing she covets it.

I, Wesley Cline, leave my affection for myself to Billie Carithers. Some of my superfluous units I will to Arthur Coughey, and my olive complexion to Will Spooncer.

I, Orville Lambert, realizing that I shall soon have to leave this world of merriment and jokes, bequeath my flashy pompadour to Joe Mallory. My ability as a drummer I leave to Mark Matlock.

Seeing the end drawing near, I, Emma Christianson, leave a few of my middy blouses to Gracie Myers. My fluffy hair I leave to Ruth Rice.

In view of the fact that my peaceful existence is soon to end, I, Frances Payne, do hereby will and bequeath my position as Editor of the High School paper to the next one who is so unfortunate as to be elected. My brown hair, eyes, coat, and hat, all complete, I leave to Edith Price.

I, Edward McDowell, seeing my doom is nigh, do will and bequeath my fondness for the country to Albert Albera. My glasses, I sadly and longingly leave to Mrs. Yost, knowing that office work is wearing on the eyes.

I, Agnetta Nelson, realizing that the end is near, leave my fondness for talking to Marylee Patton; my green drop ear ring Bess Godman may have.

I, Arne Hansen, leave my yellow hair to Louis Pasvar, and my ability as a masher, I leave to Virginia Pomeroy, hoping she'll be more merciful than I.

Believing that I am in my right mind, I, Clifford Bell, leave my profile to Mary Gnesa, and my curls to Bill Wright.

Being of a crazed nature, I, Powell McDonough, leave my sporty pompadour to Ral Hodgson that he may thus win his way back to the old Cadillac. I also leave my knowledge of Trig. to Roland Herbert.

Seeing that an end to this world of sorrow is not far off, I, Gertrude Matthew, leave my meekness and demureness to Miriam Arnold White and Mildred Colvin, and my blue sweater to Helen Payne, if she will not stretch it. Mabel Benson may have my rose-colored hat.

With much fear and terror in viewing my end, I, William Marshall, do will my quiet drawl to Vernon Silvershield. My habit of saying nothing I leave to Harold McAlpine.

I, Naomi Hamner, leave my plump cheeks to Margaret Daut. The bold and audacious manner which I have shown I leave to Edna Higgeson.

Viewing my approaching end with varied grief and bitterness, I, Andrew Mercer, leave my ever-ready smile to my brother; and I bequeath the strap for my

books, and my knowlde of all subjects to George Hoshide.

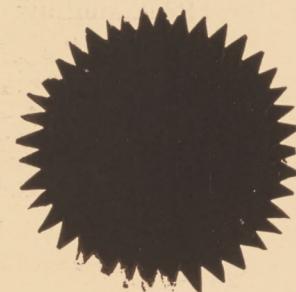
I, Leland Hodgson, having an idea that I am of sound mind and intelligence, leave my interest in Verda Davis to Addison Todd. My ability for blowing the bass horn I leave to Edison McLeod, as he has a superfluous amount of wind.

And in conclusion, having reached the end of our possessions, with our last effort, we do, IN WITNESS WHEREOF, hereunto set our hand and seal, this twenty-fifth day of June, A. D. Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen (1917).

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said Senior Class, as and for our last will and testament.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS.

Witnesses:



GERTRUDE MATTHEW
SUSIE MARNELL
GAIL HAWLEY
ISABELLA SCHANK
ERNEST NIELSEN
MERTON MEEKER
SAMUEL DOUGHERTY





All Hail, Queen Irene!

Santa Rosa High and particularly the class of '17, felt very proud and happy when the choice of Queen of the Rose Carnival fell to Miss Irene Bacigalupi, one of the members of our illustrious class. We all felt that in beauty, grace and dignity, she was well fitted to hold sceptered sway over the City of Roses for three glorious days. And we were not disappointed, for during the Rose Carnival, a time of joy and gladness, Queen Irene reigned over her admiring and devoted subjects in a truly queenly manner. Arrayed in gorgeous robes of royalty and surrounded by a dainty court, composed of a bevy of High School girls, Irene won the love and admiration, not only of all her subjects, but of the many visitors to our Rose Carnival. Her reign will not soon be forgotten, nor can the class of '17 be convinced that there was ever another like it.

All Hail, Queen Irene !

As We See Them--"What Great Ones Do, the Less will Prattle of"

Who's Who	Alias	Appearance	Hobby	Favorite Expression	Besetting Sin	Favorite Occupation	Future
Mr. Montgomery	Monty	Mild	Little de Witt	"I have one more announcement"	Speeches	Giving reinstatement cards	Manager Seminary
Mr. Steele	I. D. S.	Handsome	Locking his desk	"Outline 199 pages"	Star-gazing	Reading report books	Prohibition candidate for Pres.
Miss O'Meara	Fussy Little Old Maid	Irish	French Roll	"Don't all speak at once"	Preparedness	Correcting binders	Book agent
Miss Koepke	Alma	Fascinating	Mrs. Castle, Coiffure	"Always"	Long exs.	Attending Governing Board	Second Jeanette Rankin
Miss Gray	Grandma	Imposing	Farming	"Think for yourselves"	Blushing	Surveying	Taming wild flowers
Miss Crane	"Ma" Crane	Commanding	Entertaining—Boys	"Let's be serious"	Her Laugh	Adorning the furniture	Contortionist
Mr. Maile	Bobby	Proud Father	Elizabeth	"I'll eliminate you from the class"	Forgetfulness	Rocking the cradle	Vodvil singer
Miss McKay	Minnette	Jolly	Frogs	"Remember the bell has rung"	Good nature	Singing in the choir	Minister's wife
Miss Leddy	Mary F.	Unruffled	Shirtwaists	"It's only a question of grammar"	Exs.	Delivering moral lectures	Detective
Miss Abeele	Ethel	Demure	Perspective	"Your work gets worse every day"	Neatness	Assigning lockers	Dancing teacher
Mrs. Jacobi	Portia	Smart	The Bank	"Save your money"	Temper	Banking	Fashion model
Mr. McKesson	Mac	Graceful	Playing games at the parties	"The natural tendency is."	Automobiles	Taking "Little Mac" to basketball	Tennis champion
Mr. Blosser	Roy	Classical	Cement	"All right"	Cornet	Chewing gum	Director of Sousa's band
Miss Pettit	Muriel S.	Capable	Economy	"Clean your spoons"	Her walk	Singing	Cook at Campi
Miss Howard	Louise	Cute	The Ford	"Howdy"	Silver Locks	Looking for a man	Old Maid
Miss Jones	Sally	Neat	Camp Fire Girls	"Attention"	Folk dancing	Coaching baseball	Track coach
Miss Wilkinson	Dot	Chic	Millinery	"Girls, please be more quiet"	Originality	Making dresses	Second Lady Duff Gordon
Miss Millie	Mab	Pleasant	Kipling	"I'm too lenient"	Knowledge	Reading Lock's novels	Poetess
Miss Wirt	Lottie	Meek	Closed windows	"Aren't you ashamed of yourself."	Umbrella	Horseback riding	Circus rider
Miss O'Connor	Edna	Pleasing	Alaska	"For instance"	Brown furs	Teaching English	A butcheress
Miss Moodey	Ida	Complacent	Milk-shakes	"I'll make a note of that"	Games at the school dances	Talking	Waitress in Coffee Club
Mr. Harford	Professor	Reserved	Bicycle	"Order, please!"	Temper	Praising Analy	Chief of Police
Miss Hunt	Slim	Independent	Knocking	"In Oakland High"	Walk	Making us work	Prima Donna
Mr. Hauck	Hawkshaw	Collapsible	That Overland	"Stop talking and get to work"	Chewing tobacco	Planing	Saw-horse trainer
Mrs. Yost	Let	Hurried	Posing	"You've got a fine"	Sweaters	Counting credits	Usher at the Cline
Miss Luce	Lucy	Languid	Checking off books	"You've got a book overdue"	Jokes	Sewing	Red Cross nurse



The toil of our hands,
The thoughts of our heads,
The love of our hearts,
We pledge to our flag,
Red, White and Blue, wave on !



JUNIOR CLASS



ORGANIZATION

High Junior Class

President..... Helen Payne
Representatives..... Elvira Kenworthy, Charles Ball

Low Junior Class

President..... Verne Smith
Representatives..... Marie Albers, Harold McAlpine

Class Reporter—Bernice Showers

Junior Class

WELL JUNIORS, we have come to the end of three years of our High School career, and to think that next year we shall be dignified Seniors! It does not seem but a short time ago that we were called green, little Freshies, and stuttered and stammered if any one even looked at us.

Our memorable Junior year began by electing Edwin Anderson, president, Dorothy Kellogg secretary, and Laura Wickham and Earl Wymore as representatives to the Governing Board.

It was during our first term that we were delightfully entertained at a theatre party given us by the Seniors in place of the usual Prom. We journeyed to the Cline theatre, where a section was reserved for us. After the show the Seniors took us to the "Sugarie," where dainty refreshments were enjoyed.

Our second term began by electing Edwin Anderson president, Helen Payne vice-president, Walter Day-huff secretary, and Charles Ball and Elvira Kenworthy as representatives. These officers of our class did their work well, and represented the class most faithfully. About three months before the close of school, our president, Edwin Anderson, moved to Marysville, so our vice-president, Helen Payne, assumed his position, and ably carried out her duties.

Those who were low Juniors this term elected

Verne Smith president, Mae Bradford secretary, Harold McAlpine and Marie Albers as representatives.

In addition to their social and athletic activities, the Juniors were also busy along journalistic lines, editing the High School "Weekly" on May 24th. The editor asked the different classes to edit the paper different weeks, so we Juniors had a meeting, and elected Laura Wickham editor, with Helen Payne and Harold McAlpine as assistants; Marion Peterson, exchange editor; Earl Wymore, joke editor; and Clarence Cooper athletic editor.

In boy's athletics during our last semester we had Warren Gray in track and baseball; Fay Hiatt, Frank O'Connor, and Andrew Lagan in baseball; George Barnett, Clarence Cooper, and Harold McAlpine in track.

Our last social affair was the Prom. we gave the Seniors, held about the middle of June. Judging by the gratification expressed by the Seniors for our "As You Like It" party, we Juniors thought that we must have been ideal hosts and hostesses.

And so our Junior year closes! Certainly it will never be forgotten! But though, as Juniors, we have had many good times, and have accomplished great things, we willingly leave our title of Juniors to the "Sophs." and more willingly assume the title of Seniors.

BERNICE SHOWERS, '18.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Organization

High Sophomore Class

President Eulalie Adams
Vice-President Dixie Hendley
Representatives.....Marie Roberts, Vernon Silvershield

Low Sophomore Class

President Beatrice Allison
Vice-President Arthur McDowell
Representatives.....Marylee Patton, Reynolds Dunbar

Class Reporter—Marylee Patton

Sophomore Class

FOR OVER twenty years, from my position as the highest pinnacle of the Santa Rosa High School building, I have been able to watch the various classes and generations advance from timid Freshmen to the blase Senior. Of all these classes the one most full of "pep" and the "let's-put-it-through" spirit is the Sophomore class which graduates in '19.

Among the various groups on the campus I soon distinguished certain ones who always seemed to have a plan to help the school, or who were boosting for a track or field meet. From careful observance and listening, I found them to be the Sophomore class.

The first event they became interested in was a picnic. When I heard this discussed I was very doubtful and wondered if they realized that it was mid-winter. I would have warned them, but they would not listen. Plans went on rapidly, and one evening I was aroused from a dose by laughing and talking in the court below. The Sophomores were there for their picnic ! It was held in the Annex gymnasium, and it certainly must have been a wonderful time from the descriptions which floated up to me the following Monday. The old picnic games were played, and after the great big picnic lunch, dancing was enjoyed. The music was furnished by Homer Percy, Orville Lambert and Milton Saare, who offered their talent to the com-

mittee in return for some of the "eats."

After Christmas half of the class, armed with E report cards, and led by Warren Gray, advanced on the retreating Juniors and took their places in those ranks.

The girl athletes are not to be scorned by any means. A girls track meet was held in the Spring, and they certainly showed the fellows a few pointers. From my vantage point I watched it all with intense excitement, only wishing that I could join the yells with the Sophomores. Of course my old class won, thanks a great deal to Gracie Myers, who did the fast sprinting. Bess Godman also showed up fine, taking the high hurdles like a professional.

To add to all this the Sophomores are exceptionally brilliant in their studies, usually taking first place in all classes. To prove this you have only to test their English ability by the fact that Helen Crane wrote the yell which received second prize in the school yell contest. Or if this isn't enough, just glance over the Sophomore issue of the "Weekly."

To sum it up, in all the years that I have watched the students of this institution, I have never seen a class more full of school spirit and genuine sense than the illustrious class of '19.

SARAH FISK, '19.



FRESHMEN CLASS

Organization

President	Margaret Stump
Vice-President	Irene Davis
Representatives.....	Mildred Button, Reynolds Dunbar
Class Reporter.....	Juilliard McDonald

Freshmen Class

OUR FRESHMEN year is over! Although we are now more than proud to call ourselves Sophomores, we look back upon our first year with pleasure. In spite of the fact, that the Sophomores, and even Juniors and Seniors, made us do all sorts of queer stunts the first few weeks, we must thank them for the kind welcome and reception they gave us into Santa Rosa High School.

Their good will was first shown by their ready assistance, in helping us to arrange our course properly; then by that "never-to-be-forgotten" Freshmen Reception. We were told that it was the first reception ever held in the afternoon, and the first when every student took part and had the "time of their lives."

A few weeks later the Junior and Senior Girls' Organization gave a reception for the Freshmen girls. Each Freshie was protected at this party by one of her superiors, who saw to it that her charge got her share of introductions, dances, and "eats." Those "big girls" certainly know what we like to eat and drink, because they had plenty of candy sticks and punch.

At the beginning of the Spring term, a reception was held for the entering class. It was one of the largest classes that ever entered at the Spring term; there being over seventy members. This reception was

also held in the afternoon; side shows, a program, and "eats" being the chief attractions.

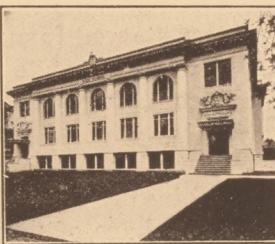
Ed Neuman represented our class on the real track team, doing some fine work in the pole vault. It looks as if it will be up to our class to furnish many of the athletes in the coming years, as commencement takes the larger majority of the fellows on the team this year. We had several men out for the boys' Interclass Meet, but we were obliged to be satisfied with fourth place.

Will Spooncer starred for us in both baseball and basketball. We were proud to have a Freshie on the first basketball team, which received so many laurels last season.

Although most of the social activities of the school are given for and by the upper-classmen, we feel that we were given our share of them, too. Now that we can truly call ourselves Sophomores, having passed the first milestone toward our goal (the sheepskin), we are certain that we have grown at least a foot, that our trousers or skirts have lengthened in proportion, that we can discard hair ribbons or comb our hair in a pompadour, and that our heads are considerably enlarged by the knowledge gained during that happy and memorable Freshman year.

JUILLIARD McDONALD, '20.

SCHOOL



NOTES

Organizations

The Associated Student Body

OFFICERS

President.....	Legro Pressley
First Vice-President.....	Orville Lambert
Second Vice-President.....	Evelyn Laughlin

Secretary	Irene Nathanson
Treasurer	Miss Koepke
Faculty Representative.....	Mr. I. D. Steele

The past year has been a very successful one for the Associated Student Body, and we have felt that the old saying "In Union There is Strength" has been realized this year. For the students have supported their organization better than ever before; the members of the Governing Board have usually been in attendance at the meetings, and have handled the Student Body problems promptly and with good judgment. In a word they have endeavored conscientiously to represent those who elected them, and to represent the sentiments of the students in any step that was undertaken.

During their term of office, the officers have tried to carry out the purpose of this organization, which was formed for the development, promotion and regulation of all student activities and interests of the school; which aimed to make of the Student Body a unit and thus to enable us to hold our place in the High School world.

To do this we have had to have funds, and our only way of obtaining them was through the Student Body. By becoming a member, as practically every one in the school has done, you have helped the organization, which is *your* organization, to fulfill its purpose.

But though you have supported this organization financially, have you done so in the spirit? Have you turned out to the games and helped Santa Rosa's athletes win the laurels they have? Many of you have not, finding it hard to spare a few hours to attend the games and considering you have done all that is required of you by paying your dues. If you are willing to let it stand thus, compare your spirit with that of the fellows who spend months training, that Santa Rosa may rank as it does.

Though our meetings have improved in attendance, our old trouble of not enough students expressing their own opinion at the sessions of the Governing Board is still prevalent. This thing should be eradicated. But in spite of this, our meetings on the whole have been interesting, and to the students who have made them so, and to those who have supported me, I extend thanks.

LEGRO PRESSLEY.

Governing Board

Excellent work has been performed by the legislative body of this High School, during both the Fall term of 1916, and the Spring term of 1917. We were greatly pleased by having two other High Schools, Fort Bragg and Sonoma, ask us for information concerning the method of governing the activities of our school by the students. The success of our Student Body government is not only recognized by the students of our school, but by the student bodies of other schools, whose organizations have been failures.

The result of the election for the Student Body officers for the fall term was as follows: Legro Pressley, President; Peter Maroni, First Vice-President; Vera Stump, Second Vice-President; Miss Millie, Treas-

urer; Irene Nathanson, Secretary. They carried on the work in a most business-like and conscientious manner, and proved very regular in their attendance at the meetings.

After supporting the basketball team during a busy season, the Board felt able to purchase twelve new suits to be used for basketball and track. These suits have been badly needed, but until this year the school had not felt that they could afford them.

The one benefit given for the Student Body and "Weekly," was in the form of minstrels and an oleo. It was a great success, swelling our treasury quite materially.

There were a very small number of the students

who failed to pay their dues this year. On October 12th a program was given, during one of the recitation periods, for the members of the Student Body only. A similar program was held during the beginning of the Spring term. Practically every one paid his dues before these programs.

It was toward the end of the fall term that the Governing Board sent delegates from the High School paper to attend the first convention of the California High School Press Association. Our editor, Frances Payne and her assistant, Irene Nathanson attended the convention, which was held at Oakland. A convention of Student Body Presidents was also lately held at San Jose, in which our school was represented by Legro Pressley. These conventions were very successful, and have proved very beneficial to the activities of the school, as the delegates learn what other schools are doing along certain lines, exchange views and discuss

difficulties which they encounter in their particular field.

The result of the election for Student Body officers for the Spring term was as follows: Legro Pressley, President; Orville Lambert, First Vice-President; Evelyn Laughlin, Second Vice-President; Miss Millie, Treasurer; and Irene Nathanson, Secretary. Owing to the illness of Miss Millie, which prevented her from teaching for the remainder of the semester, Miss Koepke was elected by the Governing Board to fill her position as treasurer.

Thus the work for the year closes, the members of the Governing Board feeling that they have represented the Student Body to the best of their ability. Their parting wish is that the boards of the coming years will be as successful in their work as they have been, and enjoy representing and working for S. R. H. S as much as they.

The Senior-Junior Girls' Organization

THE PAST YEAR has been a busy one for the Girls' Organization. Several big affairs, including a reception to the Freshmen, a "vodvil," a Christmas tree entertainment, a candy sale, a high jinks, a

girls' interclass track meet, and a tea, were given by the organization, and proved most successful, both socially and financially.

In September, a reception was given to the girls of

the Freshmen class by the upper-class girls. The Freshmen girls were escorted by their elders to the gymnasium where an informal dance was given in their honor. Punch and sticks of green and white candy were served. Altogether, it was a very delightful afternoon for all.

By the skillful management of our president, a return engagement of the Noddy Noodle Vodvil Company was secured for October. All of the girls of the Junior and Senior High, their mothers, and the faculty were invited. A small admission fee was charged, and about twenty dollars was collected with which the "Weekly" office was improved. This was in accord with the purpose of the organization which was formed for the improvement of the building and campus, and to allow the girls to become better acquainted, socially.

Shortly before the Christmas vacation, the Senior and Junior girls met in the music room where a Christmas tree was decorated, in all its splendor, for their enjoyment. A short program, including a colonial dance, by Virginia Pomeroy, a recitation by Dorothy Kellogg, a record on the Victrola, and a recitation, "The Spellin' Season," by Laura Wickham, was enjoyed. Then Santa Claus appeared. "He" was a jolly old fat fellow, who distributed candy and toys and animals from his northern home. We were indeed sorry when Santa told us "Good-bye."

A candy sale was given one day in January to pay off the remainder of the debt on the paper. The

students responded generously, and almost twenty dollars was cleared, making it possible to wipe out the paper debt.

The Girls' Jinks, in February, was a grand success. People from all lands and of all nationalities were there. Although no boys were allowed, "men" were numerous. Ten big side shows and dancing took everybody's attention, when the "greatest vodvil in captivity," began. It included a scenario, a play without words, a movie, a skit, "The Crystal Gazers," a comic-tragedy, "Bianca," which brought forth peals of laughter, and a fashion show. At eleven o'clock every one rushed down stairs where dainty refreshments were served which ended an evening of rollicking fun and pleasure.

In April, the Girls' Interclass Field Meet was held for the purpose of starting a tennis court fund. Much enthusiasm was aroused, and the entire school was out to witness the events. Grace Myers was the star of the meet, and "Mr. Steele," impersonated by Frances Payne, was coach. The class standing was as follows:

Sophomores—First place, 37 points.

Juniors—Second place, 29 points.

Freshmen—Third place, 23 points.

Seniors—Fourth place, 10 points.

To our delight, thirty dollars was cleared, which was set away as the beginning of our tennis court fund.

"A Spanish Afternoon" was greatly enjoyed by the

members of the organization in June. Mrs. Finlaw gave a very enteresting talk, that was much appreciated by the girls, and refreshments, in keeping with the nature of the entertainment, were served at the close of the lecture.

So the record of the work of the organization for this year closes. The girls have been very busy and have shown much interest in all school activities; and that this will continue to be the keynote of the organ-

ization is the wish of the Senior girls who are now leaving it.

The organization officers for the first term:
President—Frances Payne.

Vice-President—Evelyn Laughlin.

Secretary-Treasurer—Vera Stump.

The organization officers for the second term:

President—Irene Nathanson.

Vice-President—Laura Wickham.

Secretary-Treasurer—Roene Emery.

The S. R. H. S. Weekly

The success of our school paper during the past year has been far from "weakly." Under the capable supervision of our editor-in-chief, Frances Payne, together with the aid of an efficient corps of assistants, our paper is a publication of great merit. The paper shows wonderful improvement, since its first appearance three years ago. Not only are its columns full of local items of interest to all, but they are well written in a snappy, interesting style. This year many special issues have been edited; the "Humoreske," "Pedagogue," "Ye Nu Style" issue (otherwise known as the

slang edition) and the "Patriotic" and "Sport" issues being the copies most original and pleasing.

Nor is the improvement in the editorial work the only gain made during the past year. The finances of the "Weekly" have been managed in a very creditable manner. At the beginning of the school year a debt of nearly two hundred dollars had accumulated against the school publication. With the co-operation of the Student Body in the benefits given for the paper during the year, the debt has been entirely paid. When the new staff take their places next year they will find the "Weekly" free from all debt, and by careful management they will be able to keep it so.

Our Orchestra

The S. R. H. S. Orchestra, an organization of diligent members, has done very creditable work this last year. New players, music, and a recently new instructor have all added to the merit of this society.

Every member who has had Mrs. Mills for conductor and teacher, was sorry when she found that more pressing duties pertaining to her position, would not permit her to further direct the orchestra. The regret of all concerned was somewhat allayed, however, when it became known that Mr. Roy Blosser was to fill the vacancy. He has made an excellent reputation for himself in this rather trying position, and the wish of all is that he shall remain in the same capacity for some time to come.

The members, particularly the ever welcome "new recruits," have made the organization worth while, and this last term when in the "wee sma' hours" they were required to appear for forty-five minutes of practicing and instruction, very few, if any, have disappointed Mr. Blosser in being there every Tuesday and Thursday morning. An effort must be made to keep up this musical representation of S. R. H. S. A number of the best and most experienced players are graduating this year, and their places must be filled. It can be done if every one who plays an orchestra instrument will co-operate with those who remain. The Student Body has

shown its appreciation of the progress made, on the occasions when the orchestra has appeared, and all will wish to help to make our orchestra an even better one. This is possible if every one who can will volunteer for the work.

Since last June very little playing has been done before the Student Body, but when it appeared for the Senior play this year, every one present noticed the improvement over last year. Overtures, difficult music at all times, were rendered, and the playing that was required for the play itself was given in a manner fitting for the occasion.

The members for the last year are practically the same as before, with the exception of the before mentioned new comers. They are as follows:

Violins—Perry Bonar, Leonard Richardson, Ruth Feliz, Elaine Nielsen, Marguerite Bailey.

Flute—Leonard Talbot.

Piano—Milton Saare.

Cornets—Arthur Swanets, Glen Huntington.

French Horn—Shirley Ward.

Clarinet—Harold Nielsen.

Banjo—Will Carithers.

Trombone—Ernest Nielsen.

Bass—Leland Hodgson.

Drums—Orville Lambert

The Band

The Santa Rosa High School Band this year has been the best ever. All the members have good instruments, and with Mr. Blosser as leader, the band has done faithful work, practicing every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for forty-five minutes. The band has made such an excellent start this year, it is hoped that the Board of Education will become interested and buy us a few instruments.

The members of the class have been very conscientious about their work, and have proved capable of playing any kind of music. No overture that the band has taken up has proved too much for its members. "The Old Red Mill," one of the most difficult overtures, was rendered at the Teachers' Institute. That the boys' work was appreciated was evident from the applause which followed the rendition.

Music has made great progress in the last few years throughout the United States. The heads of schools are just beginning to realize what a very great asset music is to any school. In some of the larger cities special music instructors have been engaged. Where before music was a side issue, it is now recognized as one of the most interesting and helpful subjects taught;

where before it did not receive any standing, it now is given full credit. It is realized that a band is a credit, and aid to a school. Our own band has proved this. Its members have repeatedly played for our rallies, our assemblies and social centre. This year has been the best the band has ever seen. Unfortunately, many of our best players, such as Leland Hodgson, Ernest Nielsen, Gilbert Trosper and Orville Lambert are graduating this June. But we are consoled by the fact that others will take their places and by diligent practicing become a credit to the band.

The members of the band are:

Solo Cornets—Babe Huntington, Gilbert Trosper.

First Cornets—Jeff Forgett, Frank Sowell, Arthur Swanets.

Seconds Cornets—Mervin Colbroth, George Leppo, Rex Lieurance, Armund Saare.

Cello—Shirley Ward, Castle Hall.

Trombone—Ernest Nielsen.

Bass Horns, Leland Hodgson, John Greott.

Clarinets—Steve McTigue, Harold Nielson.

Baritones—Albert Albera, Verne Lonelt.

Drums—Orville Lambert, Jack Gardner.

School Savings Bank

On December 8, 1916, the students of Santa Rosa High School inaugurated a School Savings Bank. The plan was made more feasible by the aid of the Santa Rosa National Bank, which helped us toward carrying on a bank of our own, and much gratitude is due the members of that institution for their interest.

Many difficulties presented themselves at first; it was thought that the accounts would become dormant, and enthusiasm would wane after the first novelty of the affair had ceased. This and all other fears appeared to be groundless, however, when the accounts continually increased, as did interest in the bank, and the number of depositors. Perhaps this was due to the timely little talks of Mrs. Jacobi, to the boosting given the bank by the "Weekly," and perhaps to the co-operation of the students, who, though many placed only small deposits, kept steadily at it, and no doubt they have now a very encouraging sum.

The first day of the opening of the Bank there were one hundred and sixty-seven depositors, and the deposits amounted to \$227.54. Five weeks later there 207 depositors, and \$1,047.65 of deposits. At the beginning of the 1917 term, February 12th, there were 220 depositors with an average of about \$1.58 each. Advice

was given to the Freshmen then, and they walked right up with their pennies, and made a name for themselves.

As for the directors, the officers are: President, Mrs. Portia Jacobi; Cashier and Secretary of Board of Directors, Lester Whitaker, Assistant Cashiers, Mildred Bucknum and Frank Fenton. They have held two meetings; the first on January 16th, when Mr. H. J. Loughery, Assistant Cashier of the Santa Rosa National Bank, and Secretary of the Santa Rosa Clearing House, addressed them. His talk concerned the duties of the officers and the bank in general. The second meeting was held on March 14th, following a remarkable week at the bank, since the deposits of the bank were \$197. At the director's meeting, Mr. W. C. Grant gave a talk on the object of Savings Banks, which was very helpful.

Considering the balance on deposit, and the amount being deposited, very few withdrawals have taken place. Of course at Christmas time, large sums of money were drawn; and why not, since that is why we are saving? And again at the beginning of the new term, money was taken out to some extent, because we simply had to buy our books; they are part of

our existence. But this was not a serious set-back, for the accounts grew, as did the number of depositors. Monday seems to be a good day for the bank, possibly because of money saved during the past week, and possibly due to weekly wages turned in. The common idea held by many students at the beginning of the bank term, that small deposits were not welcome and not worth while, was soon corrected, and small sums have continually kept coming in. It will be remembered that a package of gum costs five cents, and the money saved from two or three packages a week amounts to much more than the gum would. Many have discovered this.

The School Savings Bank is essentially part of our

school life and interest, and occupies a large place in our school activities. Like our other school units, it must be kept going with continuous enthusiasm and interest, and its importance not forgotten. In doing so our other activities need neither be neglected nor allowed to waver, but we must consider them all. One great lesson will be and perhaps already has been taught by the Savings Bank, and that is to save.

Thus we hope and feel certain that the next generations of citizens of Santa Rosa will be one of wealthy capitalists, rich agriculturalists, and thrifty tradesmen and women.

Therefore—Boost for the Santa Rosa High School Savings Bank ! First—last—and always !!

The Book Exchange

The Book Exchange, a new branch of our school organization, has proved itself a very successful department.

This department was started at the beginning of the Fall term, and although it was not thoroughly organized at that time, it was of such help to the Student Body that we wondered how we ever did without it. There were several hundred books exchanged during the year and nearly fifty dollars was turned into the

Student Body treasury from the commissions received. A five cent commission was received for all books sold under fifty cents, a ten cent commission for all books sold between fifty cents and a dollar, etc. All the students seemed very well satisfied with this arrangement, and it certainly saved them much time and trouble. Next year with this new branch thoroughly organized there should be many more books handled, and even more money turned into our Student Body treasury.

Debating

We can truthfully say that this year has been our most progressive year in debating. Though we have won no honor and fame, for we debated no outside school, yet as a class of good, conscientious workers, we could not be excelled.

At the begining of the year, a class for debating was organized. At the first meeting an election was held, and at that time Mr. Montgomery consented to be coach for the year. The other officers were, Edwin Anderson, President; Edna Stevens, Vice-President; Vera Stump, Secretary; and Charles Ball, Escort. Under the very able leadership of these officers, the class prospered and grew. The principle of the work, assigned for the year, was, first, concentration in study and the way to seek material; secondly, selecting the

main points and preparing the debate; and thirdly, delivery, position, reflection, etc.

In addition to this programme, many new and interesting ideas were carried out. For instance, at each meeting, judges and critics were appointed by the president to point out to the speakers the points in which they were weak, and thus to improve the critics and judges by their own criticisms.

It was with keen regret that the class was forced to disband in the early spring, due to an epidemic of mumps. So many of the members of the class were busy making up back work that it was deemed best to discontinue the class altogether. This was done; but we hope next year to have debating on our school schedule, and to make it one of our most prominent school activities.

Agricultural Club

This year we hope to make a record year in the Agricultural Club. All the members of the club have sowed their crops, and are going in with a zeal and determination which can mean nothing but success. Not only has each member planted his acre of corn,

required in the growing contest, but each has several extra acres which he is growing in the hope of meeting demand for food and to lower the high cost of living.

Last year marked the establishment of the Agricultural Club in our High School, and in spite of the fact

it was a dry year, the fellows were able to get their crop in and keep them growing. Frank Santa Cruse, Leonard Talbot and Samuel Kauffman proved to be the lucky fellows who raised the best crops, and so from November 12th to 15th, 1916, they attended the Davis convention of the Agricultural Clubs of California at the University Farm School at Davis, California. Many special features were prepared for the delegates, and needless to say the three days were greatly enjoyed by the fellows. Following this encampment at Davis, the delegates were taken by special train to Berkeley, where the prize winners were presented with medals by President Wheeler of the University of California. When the delegates disbanded, the prize winners were sent on a five weeks tour of the continent, in which Samuel Kauffman represented the Santa Rosa Agricultural Club. The tour was one long to be remembered by those who went, and we hope our club will be able to send its prize winner on the 1917 tour.

We have now enrolled in the club nine boys who have actually planted their crops, and though the membership is not as large as we would like to have it, still it shows an improvement over 1916.

We hope, since we have this very beneficial organization in the school, that its ranks will steadily increase, that its members will do their best to make this club the best of its kind in the State, and that each year Santa Rosa may be able to send a prize winner on the transcontinental tour.



AGRICULTURAL CLUB

Alumni

The graduates of Santa Rosa High are training themselves in many higher institutions of learning. Among them are to be found teachers, stenographers, doctors and even lawyers. There are dozens of recent high school students whose whereabouts are unknown, but the list of names and occupations of those who are known is sufficiently large to show the variety of occupations that graduates from our High School enter.

Probably the majority of the girls of the classes of '15 and '16 are attending the San Jose Normal School. They are as follows: Juanita Melvin '15, Mildred Kyle '15, Edith Kyle '15, Mildred Richardson '15, Fay Erwin '15, Aileen Randal '15, Bernice Roe '15, Hazel Ramage '15, Ruth Lambert '15, Ruth Todd '15, Vivian Bolton '15 and Elma Quimby '15; Dorothy Wright '16, Edith Coffey '16, Elgy McIntosh '16, Frances Finley '16, Helen Finley '16, Winifred Burke '16, Catherine Crane '16, Bernadette Hehir '16, Gladys Sherman '16.

Attending the University of California are: Zelma Carithers '16, Margaret Forsyth '15, Fred Adams '15, Eddie Koford '15, Fanita Jewell '15, Emma Fisk '16, Salem Pohlman '16, Tom Miller '16, Theodore Matthew '16, John Matthew '15, Ruth Anderson '15, Joe Mad-

dux '16, William Heitsmith '16, Elsie Daut, '15, in training in the U. C. Hospital.

Those going to San Francisco Normal are Alice Koford '15, Bessie Jonas '15, Marie Dowd '16, Edna Peter '16, and Venna Bartleson '15.

Anna Fisk '16 is attending McMeans Normal School in this city.

Earl Rogers '15, John Russell '15 and Amandus Kistler '15 are studying medicine, Rogers and Russell in San Francisco; Kistler in San Jose at the College of the Pacific.

Donna Lambert '16 is teaching at the Madrone school near Guerneville.

Merle Goodfellow '15 is teaching in Solano county.

Olivia Smith '15 is attending Mills College.

Claire Coltrin '15 is teaching music in Santa Rosa. Ernest Richards '15 resides in Los Angeles.

Leo Sullivan '16 is studying law in the office of Attorney William Cowan of this city.

Roy Roberts '16 is an agent for the Briscoe cars in Santa Rosa.

Vivian Collister '15 has announced her engage-

ment to Professor Watson Jones, principal of the Healdsburg High School.

Dale Hollingsworth '16 is assistant cashier of the Guerneville bank.

Howard Fry '16 is working in the postoffice.

Vernon McGough '16 has been attending the local business college.

Margery Ellis '16 is a stenographer in San Francisco.

Ruth Miller '16 is teaching kindergarten in San Francisco.

Elva Spottswood '16 is married and living in Eureka.

Sophie Seymour '15 is working in the auditor's office in this city.

Mabel Lehn '16 is taking voice culture under Prof. Howard Pratt.

Lois Welch '15 is teaching.

Earl Covey '15 is attending Stanford University.

Sergeant Mervyn Burke '16 is orderly for Briga-

dier General Siberts at headquarters at Fort Miley, California.

Grace Titus '15 has been attending the University of Oregon, at Eugene, Oregon.

Margaret Smith '15 has been teaching school at Hessel Station.

Madge Wheeler '15 has married Mr. F. E. Fritz and is now living in Sacramento.

Alma McDaniels '15 is keeping books for the Wildwood Dairy in this city.

Mona Kelly '16 is devoting her time to voice culture.

Wilma Hocker '16 is employed in Berkeley.

Marion Monroe '16 has recently enlisted in the Naval Reserve forces, while Chauncey Peterson '15 has joined the army.

Fred Hatch '16 is working in Sacramento for the Wells Fargo Co., but is planning to enter U. C. in the fall.

Lucy Brewer '16 and Myrtle Read '16 have successfully passed the teachers' county examination.



Exchanges

The Exchange Department ought to be the biggest kind of a help to the staff of a school paper, and yet, I think as a general thing, no one ever looks at the Exchange column unless it is to see whether or not his own paper is mentioned. Why not read the criticisms of some other papers, too? You could undoubtedly obtain some very valuable hints from them. In most of the papers the Exchange Department is tucked off in some out-of-the-way place and is not deemed very important. How are we to know whether we are good, bad or indifferent if we do not compare ourselves with others?

To obtain new ideas and see what other schools were doing, I took a trip around the United States. My first stop was at Athens, Ohio, and through the "Megaphone" of the Athens High School heard of the activities of a live bunch.

My next stop was at Milledgeville, Georgia. "The Future Citizen," published by the Reformatory Boys, is certainly a paper with a purpose. Their Question Box Department is a fine idea.

Going on to Greenville, S. C., I was very much interested in "The Nantilus," especially the editorial on

Wilson, the Man of the Ages. The mention of your advertisers is good, but why use it so extensively?

Stopping next at Tampa, Florida, I visited the "Red and Black" of the Hillsboro High School. This paper gives plenty of space to athletics and the boys are sure winners. Would it not improve your appearance, however, to place your ads in the back rather than on the front of your book?

Turning north, my next stop was at Troy, N. Y. I spent a few minutes with "The Polytechnic" and enjoyed it very much. The calling out of the National Guards troops has taken a number of the students and in this way has effected the various activities.

Going farther north, to Manchester, Vermont, I visited "The Burtonian." "The Burtonian" has a department that is unusual in a school paper; one which is connected with the work of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. of the students.

"I saw "The Early Trainer," from Lawrence, Mass., a very clever little magazine.

I was told by "Wireless" of the new Dedham High School now being constructed. If their building equals their paper, they will have reason to be proud of it.

The Lawrence High School "Budget" gives a fine poetry corner, and their idea of advertising is fine.

Spring fever was in the air when I arrived at Milwaukee, Wis. Through the "Tattler" I heard quite a "Dissertation on Spring." Its literary department and cuts are fine. The Honor Roll for each month is good also.

Bidding good-bye to the "Tattler," I started back to California. Arriving there, my first stop was at Gardena. I heard a few chirps from "The Lark" and then hurried on to Visalia. "Visalia News" is one of the best weeklies that I saw. 'Nuf sed!

Going to San Jose, I visited the "Herald." He was as witty and clever as ever.

I then ran over to Los Gatos and visited the "Montezuma Daily," which is published five days of the week by the students of the Montezuma Ranch School for the boys near Los Gatos. The paper gives the school news of the day to everyone on the Ranch, and its size is its principal failing.

"The San Mateo High" was very good as much as there was of it, but smaller printing would greatly improve your apperance. While enjoying myself in this locality I received a message to hurry home, so had only time to say "hello" to the "Daily Palo Alto" and the "Daily Californian."

Stopping in Oakland, however, I was much inter-

ested in the mid-term "Aegis," especially the story, "The Horrors of the Unknown," written by Joan London, daughter of the late Jack London.

I also enjoyed a short stop at "The Green and Gold" of Fremont High in Oakland. Their articles were well written, of interest and showed plenty of "pep."

I forgot to mention I made quite a stay at the University Farm at Davis, where "Agricola" gave me a dandy time. Their departments were very interesting.

Receiving urgent calls to return home, I resisted long enough to pay a fleeting visit to "Stray Leaves" of Grass Valley High. For a beginner, their weekly is very good indeed. Their joke department is especially clever and original.

"The Analy Student," our neighbor, as a bimonthly, is also to be congratulated. Their material is good, but don't you think jokes would add to its enjoyment?

By this time I just had to return, and as I was really getting homesick, I hastened with all speed back to S. R. H. S. Weekly.

ATHLETICS



THE HIGH JUMP



ON THE TRACK



THE DASH

Track

The Meets

THIS YEAR the closing of school brings to an end one of the most successful seasons of our school athletics. We have participated in many meets, and due greatly to Mr. Steele's untiring training, our boys have brought home many laurels. The students, too, have shown a more marked spirit of co-operation and loyalty than in years gone by, and have turned out in large numbers to root and cheer our fellows to victory.

We hope that the reputation Santa Rosa High has gained will be bettered with each year and that track will continue to offer attractions for lower classmen. A review of the season just ended follows:

Inter-Class

The season started with the annual Interclass Field Meet. Again the '17'ers, who now hold the cup for three successful years, took first honors. The Sophomores were the closest competitors, with the Juniors pulling third place. The Freshmen did well, getting eleven points.

Myers, of the Senior class, was the high score man, winning every one of the $21\frac{1}{2}$ points for which he con-

tested. Weeks came as a close second with 17 out of 20 possible points. McReynolds was third with $13\frac{1}{2}$ out of $21\frac{1}{2}$ points, while Cooper followed with $10\frac{3}{4}$ out of $21\frac{1}{2}$ points.

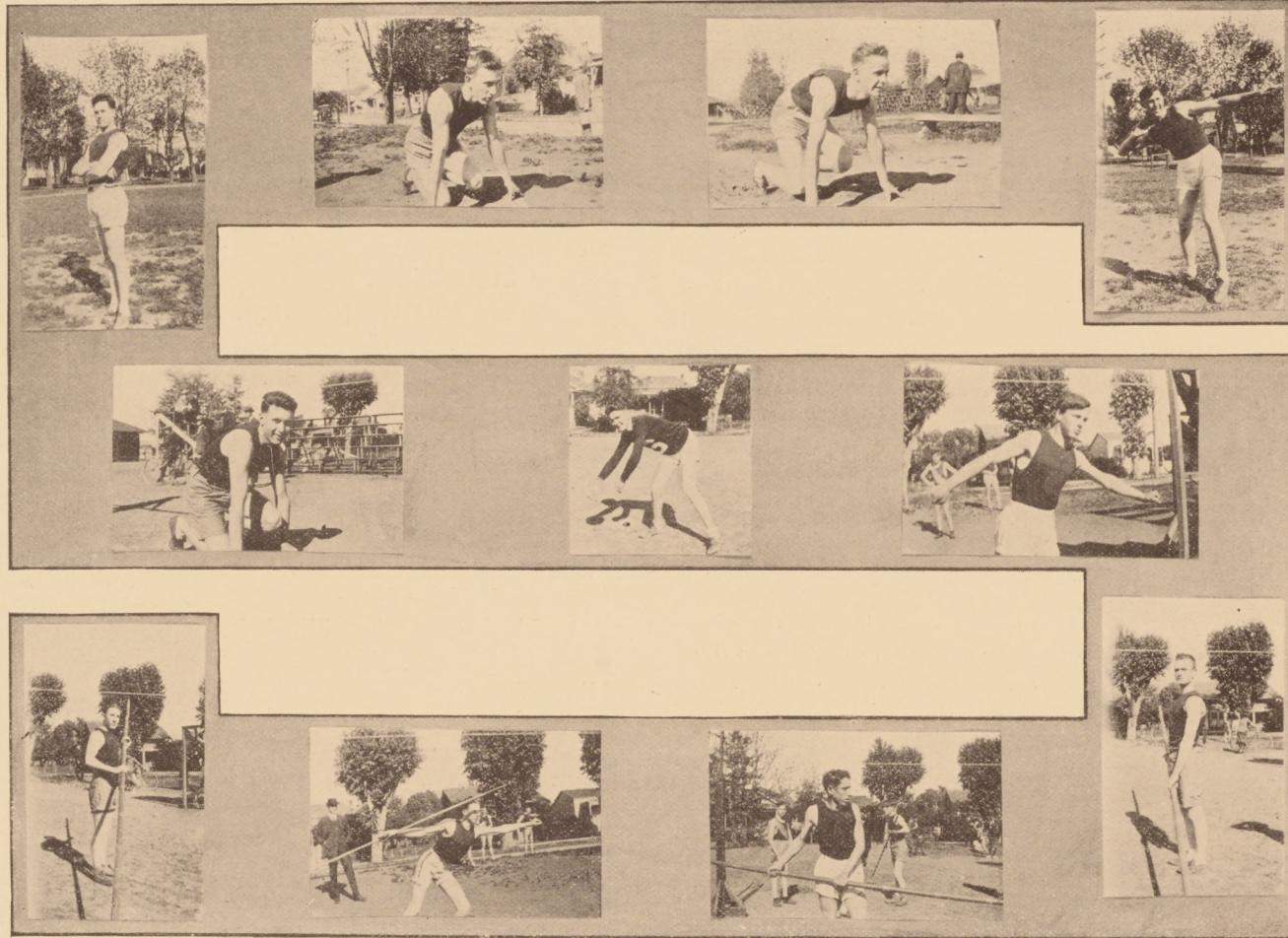
Moore was the big surprise of the Interclass meet by winning the mile. He had rarely been out for practice, but he gives every indication of becoming a good runner.

Lick-Wilmerding Dual

In the meet with Lick-Wilmerding, S. R. H. S. easily carried off the honors by a score of 79 to 68 points. Weeks of Santa Rosa proved to be high score man, taking 15 points out of a possible $16\frac{1}{2}$, while his team-mate, Myers, was a close second, with 13 points out of a possible 15. Weeks, in addition to being high score man, succeeded in breaking his own and the coast High School record in the discuss throw, when he hurled it 127 feet 2 inches.

Oakland Dual

S. R. H. S. again first. This time we trimmed the Oakland boys by a score of $64\frac{1}{3}$ to $57\frac{2}{3}$. Our victory was a big surprise to the Oakland fellows, who confidently expected to bring home the honors themselves. Again Myers and Weeks were our stars,



TRACK TEAM

Myers making 15 points out of a possible $16\frac{1}{3}$, Weeks winning 13.

If accidents had not befallen other members of our team, we would undoubtedly have made a higher score. Mallory was laid up for a time as a result of injury sustained while practicing for the pole vault, and during the meet Cooper sprained his ankle while high jumping. We missed his points, both in this event and in the broad jump.

Nevertheless in spite of these mishaps we defeated the Oakland team, and this should be realized as an honor, for they are considered one of the fastest and best schools around the bay.

N. C. S. of the C. I. F.

At the annual track and field meet of North Coast Section of the California Interscholastic Federation held on the Stanford Oval on Saturday, April 14th, we sent down four fellows, who all took a place.

Sowell won the high jump by a leap of 5 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Myers, not feeling quite A No. 1, only succeeded in taking fourth in the 100-yard dash. Lamore tied for fourth place in the pole vault, while Lambert got fourth in the eight pound shot.

S. N. S. C. A. L.

Though somewhat weakened with Weeks out of the meet and Myers laid up with a sprained back, the team went to St. Helena with the hopes of "coping" for first honors.

But for nearly the first time in the history of our

school, our athletes failed to bring back the laurels. At the end of the meet the score stood: Healdsburg, $39\frac{1}{2}$ points; Vallejo, $30\frac{2}{5}$ points, Analy, $29\frac{4}{5}$ points, and Santa Rosa $22\frac{2}{5}$ points.

Northwest C. I. F.

The Northwest C. I. F. meet held at the Santa Rosa race track, was one of the largest and most successful held under the auspices of our school. Through the Rose Carnival, our own school spirit, and the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce, it was a great success.

But though it was very successful, we were not, and this proved a sad day for old S. R. H. S. But cheer up, for though we were unable to take high honors then, we'll soon be as strong as ever; for the lower classmen are showing up well, and with training will soon be in fine shape. The fellows coming into High from the Annex are bringing good material with them, and show every indication of becoming stars. But to return to the meet.

Williamson of Analy was the individual star of the day. He won the half, the quarter, and the broad jump. Myers was second individual star, winning the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard dash, and getting second in the broad jump.

The results of the meet were: Ukiah $41\frac{1}{3}$ points Analy $31\frac{1}{3}$ points, Tamalpais, 29 points; Healdsburg, 24 points; Petaluma, 19 points; Santa Rosa, $14\frac{1}{3}$ points.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball

There was much enthusiasm and interest shown in basketball this season, the boys showing up well for practice and the students turning out to cheer. Manager McDowell sent out an early call for fellows interested in basketball and before there were many practices a large number were ready for training.

Myers, Gemetti, Pressley and Mallory came back to their old stunts of twirling the ball and they sure put some "pep" into the game.

Myers, our captain, although an old veteran, played better ball than ever before. In all the games he was quick and fast and put life into them.

The first game of the season was played with our neighbor, Sonoma. This team was our victim in 1914, 1915, but in 1916 the tables turned and we were defeated by a score of 31-36.

THE SCORES

Sonoma 36.....	S. R. H. S. 31
S. R. H. S. 82.....	Healdsburg 6
S. R. H. S. 44.....	Analy 10
S. R. H. S. 80.....	S. F. Dorians 41
S. F. B'nai B'rith 33.....	S. R. H. S. 31

Berkeley Y. M. C. A.	59	S. R. H. S.	30
S. R. H. S.	25	St. Helena	21
S. R. H. S.	36	Napa	21
S. R. H. S.	55	Sonoma	43
S. R. H. S.	50	S. R. B. S.	6
S. R. H. S.	51	Lick Wilmerding	21
S. R. H. S.	35	St. Helena	34

The second team, consisting of Caughey, Barnett, Herbert, Kidd, Spooncer, Laurance, Lucas, Lambert, and M. Mallory, played very good ball. Their scores:

S. R. H. S. 19	Analy	14
S. R. H. S. 54	Gold Ridge	26
Cogswell 47	S. R. H. S.	14
S. R. H. S. 42	Gold Ridge	32
S. R. H. S. 12	Junior Hi	5
Junior Hi 16	S. R. H. S.	14

The record for the season was very good and much credit should be given to our coach, Mr. Steele, for his faithful help to us in every way.

Our manager, Edward McDowell, should also be congratulated for arranging such a snappy schedule of games.

Baseball

S. R. H. S. vs. Petaluma.

The season opened with a victory for Petaluma on their home grounds. O'Connor, who pitched the first six innings, hurled good balls, but a tendency to wildness proved his undoing. Lagan then took the mound, and in one, two, three order, the boys went marching back. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
S. R. H. S.	7	13	4
P. H. S.	10	11	3

Batteries—S. R. H. S.—O'Connor, Lagan and Gray;

P. H. S.—Peterson and Moimboise.

S. R. H. S. vs. Petaluma.

A victory for S. R. H. S. on Petaluma's home grounds. Individual playing was the feature of the game. Lagan in home runs, Maroni in stolen bases and walks; Gemetti in sacrifice hits.

Lagan proved himself a Ty Cobb in this game. He fanned twenty men, got two home runs, a triple base hit and a double base hit in four times at bat.



BASEBALL TEAM

Maroni had a great day on the paths, stealing nine bases. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
S. R. H. S.	14	17	1
P. H. S.	1	1	8

Batteries—S. R. H. S.—Lagan and Gray.

P. H. S.—Dabner and Moimboisse.

S. R. H. S. vs. Sonoma.

A victory over Sonoma on their home grounds. Lagan pitched his usual fine game of ball, striking out twelve men. Gray was there with the old mitt behind the bat. Maroni was back at his old game of stealing bases. The score:

	R.	H.	E.
S. R. H. S.	8	7	3
S. H. S.	2	5	4

Batteries—S. R. H. S.—Lagan and Gray.

S. R. H. S. has been rather handicapped because of the lack of a home diamond to play on. Nevertheless, she has always accepted the challenge of any High School.

Girls' Athletics

Basketball

Basketball this year has not been a very great success. There has been a lack of enthusiasm and interest on the part of both the Student Body and the basketball girls themselves. The girls' basketball team has been considered either as a joke or as a foolish enterprise which must be tolerated. And there was no reason for this! There were plenty of girls, so numbers cannot be our excuse. We were given the gymnasium for practice on Monday and Wednesday, and Miss Jones kindly consented to act as coach. In spite of this and the endeavors of Ora Caldwell, the captain, the girls failed to respond, so basketball was, for a time, dropped. Later in the semester, however, a few of the girls organized an athletic club, calling themselves the B. O. B.'s. They practiced quite regularly, with Miss Jones coaching, and played several games.

January 31, the B. O. B.'s played their first game with the Business College, but met defeat by a score of 16 to 10. The line-up for the B. O. B.'s was: Angelene Lepori, Helen Payne, forwards; Laura Wickham, Helen Hanson, centers; Edith Price, Rosalind Baciga-

lupi, guards. The Business College line-up was: C. Meek, J. Allen, forwards; Z. Delk, E. Lepori, centers; Cappoddle and Llanette, guards.

February 14th, another game was played between the two teams, this time the B. O. B.'s being the victors by the score of 21 to 9. The line-up was the same as given.

Soon after they played the St. Helena girls, but were badly defeated. They were somewhat consoled, however, by the fact that this was the first time they had played with an outside team.

On February 20th they were victorious over the I. C. E. girls by a score of 14 to 13. This proved to be one of the fastest and most exciting games they played.

On March 6th a return game was played, but they were not successful in their competition and were losers by the narrow margin of 17 to 19.

These have been the few games which have been played during the year. Perhaps not a very fine record, but credit should certainly be given to the few who have made it.

INDOOR BASEBALL

When the girls decided to give up basketball, they asked permission from the Governing Board to substitute indoor baseball for it. This was granted January 9th, also an indoor baseball and bat. In playing, the players followed the regular indoor baseball rules and practiced twice a week. Laura Wickham was elected as captain, and Agenlene Lepori as manager. For the first few weeks many girls took a great interest in the new sport, and turned out regularly, but like most of our girls' athletics, interest in it soon lagged, and less and less turned out for practice. This was partly due to the fact that we could not practice until four o'clock, and many of the girls were obliged to leave before.

INTERCLASS FIELD MEET

The first Girls' Interclass Field Meet ever held at Santa Rosa High, was pulled off on April 3rd, on the school track. The purpose of the meet was to start a fund for the building of tennis courts.

The following were chosen as managers of their class: Senior Manager, Frances Payne; Junior Manager, Laura Wickham; Sophomore Manager, Marylee Patton; Freshmen Manager, Pearl Tycke. Irene Nath-

anson acted as score keeper, Legro Pressley as time-keeper, and Miss Jones, Miss Moodey, Miss Crane, and Miss Wilkinson as judges.

The field meet was interesting from start to finish, and practically the whole school turned out to see it. The athlethesse were all in middies and bloomers, and all had names of popular boy athletes pinned on their backs. Their letter S with their numeral were pinned on the front of their suits.

Gracie Myers was the star of the meet, and also of the Sophomore class. Margaret Stump and Julia Greott starred for the Freshies, and Laura Wickham and Aileen Donovan for the Junior Class. The Seniors, for some unknown reason, failed to show up very well. Angelena Lepori, Evelyn Laughlin and Gertrude Matthew deserve mention, however, but as "Coach" Steele observed, they needed more training. The result of the meet was:

Sophomores, first place, 37 points.

Juniors, second place, 29 points.

Freshmen, third place, 23 points.

Seniors, fourth place, 10 points.

The fund realized was thirty dollars. At a meeting of the High School and Home Association, held soon after the meet, the mothers added five dollars to it. We hope now, that as the fund has been started it will grow steadily until we have enough to get our much needed and desired tennis courts.



SIDESPLITTERS

HMICHIE

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find,
A dozen editorial staffs
Can't tickle every mind.

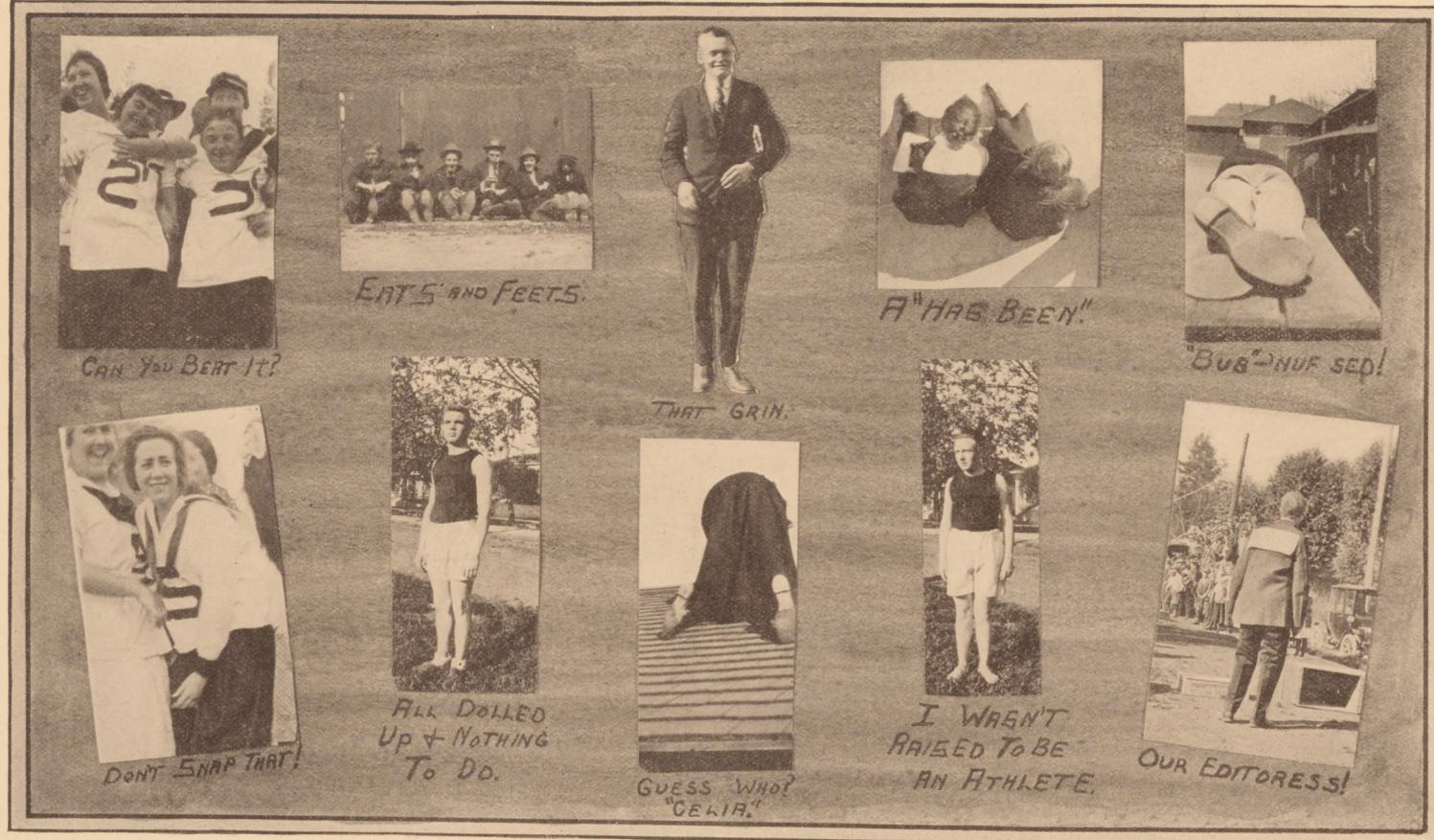
So if you read these pages o'er,
And meet some ancient joke,
Don't frown and say, "they're just all bores,"
But laugh—and look for more.

Ralph Brown—"They say stout people are rarely guilty of meanness or crime."

Homer Percy—"Well, you see it is so difficult for them to stoop to do anything low."

Don C.—"Last night I dreamed I took the society queen of the town to a dance.

Virginia P.—"Did I dance well?"



? ? ? ? ?

Who is it that is very tall,
And yards of hist'ry can recall,
But never seems to laugh at all?
 ? ? ? ? ?

Of whom are all the Freshies scared,
To "sass" her no one yet has dared,
Who asks us if we are prepared?
 ? ? ? ? ?

Who is it that is papa's pet,
And though she's not a year old yet,
Makes "Bobby" walk the floor, you bet?
 ? ? ? ? ?

Who is it carries each day to school
An umbrella to keep her cool;
To always have it is her rule?
 ? ? ? ? ?

Who is it does gymnastic stunts,
As knowledge in our heads she pumps,
While we dodge trigonometry bumps?
 ? ? ? ? ?

Who is it that from off the floor
Makes you pick paper 'till you're sore,
To throw in baskets by the door?
 ? ? ? ? ?

Who is it yellow notes does keep
Of information we do seek.
And at whose's dates we'd like a peep?
 ? ? ? ? ?

INDISPUTABLE

—That a word to the wise is useless.

—That many hands make light work; also a big jack pot.

—That it is the first straw hat that shows how the wind blows.

—That where there is a will, there is a law suit.

—That the painting of the inside of a chicken coop will keep the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood.

—That the best remedy for seasickness is to bolt your meals.

—That if Henry Ford wants to do the greatest good to the greatest number, he will put another spring under the back seat.

—That the back steps of Russia may soon become the front porch of the world.

EXTRA

Fay Hiatt was awarded the first prize for the most choice and extensive vocabulary not found in any dictionary.

Mr. Steele—"Why were women so long excluded from voting?"

Hazel Fry—"I guess men thought they ought to keep house."



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HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY

High School—Institution in which the painful process of drilling knowledge into wood is second cousin to penitentiary.

Students (pronounced stew-dents, not stoo-dents)—Inmates of institution, sentenced to four years at hard labor.

Seniors—THE CLASS.

Juniors—Imitations.

Sophomores—The has-been Freshies, who have outgrown their baby clothes and their greenness.

Shark—A species of humans almost extinct in High schools. The only specimen in S. R. H. S. answers to the name of Clifford Bell.

Brains—What most of us think we have, but few of us possess.

Vacuum—Ask Edison McLeod.

Wisdom—Found only among the faculty and the Seniors.

Corner Store—Apple-pie parlor. Jelly-bean joint. Smoke house is another suitable name. P. S.—Where all the bad little boys go.

Pep—A mild form of mental aberration affecting students in High Schools and Colleges. Symptoms: Great excitement at track meets, baseball games, etc. Patient labors under the delusion that his school *can't* be beat. Jumps wildly about waving colored ribbons and pennants at games and field meets.

Vacation—Few weeks in summer when we are out on parole.

Freshmen—Botanical name Zernonothings, and who regard the Seniors as centers of light and knowledge.

History—Inside information about everything and everybody.

Yellow Notes—Mr. Steele's second set of brains; loose leave volume of the History of the World.

Exams.—Method used by the teachers to find out what they don't know themselves.

Report Cards—Compliments from the teachers.

Bluff (verb)—To make Miss O'Meara think you burned the midnight oil, when you really spent the evening at the Cline.

Liberty Bell—The one that rings at 3:15.

Things we can't imagine—

Mrs. Yost taking life easy.

Sammy Kistler cutting class.

Ralph Brown making a correct recitation in History 12.

Miss O'Meara using cosmetics.

Miss Wirt without her umbrella.

Clifford Bell getting an F.

A quiet hour in the "Echo" office.

Mr. Steele with a moustache.

*In Figuring
on that Graduation
Picture*

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It's a Specialty
of Ours
with a Price
that is Interesting



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and Supplies*

Expert Finishing

C. A. Wright Co., Inc.

THE KODAK STORE

**Victrola
PHONOGRAPHS
Sonora**

Fools rush in where wise men ring the doorbell.

He—"When I was four years old, I was left an orphan."

She—"What did you do with it?"

Issie had a little lamp;
She carried it about—
But every night when Ernie came
The little lamp went out.

A. Lagan—"Pete is sure making good in Glee Club."
F. O'Connor—"What does he sing, second base or shortstop?"

Freshie—"I told you not to make me take a bath, Ma. See how plain that hole in my stocking shows now!"

Miss Hunt (Eng. 10 A)—"Let's have less buzzing, please. Remember this is not a study hall."

Donald C.—"Ho, hum! I haven't slept for days."
Fred W.—"S'matter; sick?"
Donald C.—"Naw. I slept nights."

Ralph Brown—"Gee; it's hot in here!"
Homer Percy—"Ah, well; we all have to die sometime. Might as well get used to it now."

Isn't it funny that when Cupid hits the mark he generally Misses (Mrs.) it.

Vera Stump—"I've got some of the funniest pictures you ever saw."

Roene Emery—"Really! When did you have them taken."

The shortest novel ever produced, entitled, "Snakes in Ireland."

Chap. I. Scene I
"There are no snakes in Ireland."
(The End)

Edison McL.—"Say, what's this strategy you hear so much about?"

Ernest P.—"Well, it's like this: Suppose you ran out of ammunition, and you didn't want the enemy to know about it; then it's strategy to keep on firing."

Merton M.—"Are your feet tired, Gertrude?"
Gertrude M.—"No! why?"
Merton—Would you mind dancing on them? Mine are."

Miss Leddy (in Latin)—"What do you expect to do when you grow up?"
E. Price—"Nothing!"
Miss Leddy—"Well, you've made a good start."

Confidence in the Federal Reserve Banking System

played an important part in the recovery of business from the adverse conditions following the outbreak of the European war, and is still helping to keep business on an even keel.

This system, with its immense resources, is a tower of strength to the banks which are members of it, and will assist them in any financial requirements which they may be called upon to meet.

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

By depositing your money with us you receive the protection and the facilities which our membership in the system enables us to offer you.

SANTA ROSA NATIONAL BANK

United States Depository

Owning and Operating

Union Savings Bank

Strictly Savings

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WE HAVE IT

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THE CLINE THEATRE

SHOWS THE BEST IN
MOTION PICTURES, VAUDEVILLE
AND ROAD SHOWS

FIFTH AND B STREETS

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

W. S. HOSMER & SON

SCHOOL SUPPLIES
UKULELES

FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say,
refrains from calling attention to the fact.

Howard—"Get off my feet."

Bruce—"Yes, brother dear; is it much of a walk?"

A girl doesn't have to wash dishes to have a rough
chap on her hands.

You can drive a horse to water, but a pencil must
be lead.

Motor and the girl motors with you; walk and you
walk alone.

A new name for tight shoes—corneribs.

Hug defined—energy gone to waist.

A girl must have a chaperon till she can call a
chap-her-own.

Lives of great men all remind us of--legal holidays.

Wesley C.—"Lend me a five, old fellow, and I'll
be everlasting indebted to you."

Donald C.—"That's just what I'm afraid of."

Billie Wright (in Phy. Geography)—We must save
our coal supply for use in the hereafter.

HOWZIS?

A maiden fair,
With golden hair,
Sat on a chair
Which wasn't there.

Vera Williams—"Father, I wish you would buy
me that grand lace handkerchief I saw today for only
three dollars.

Father—"Nix; too much to blow in."

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Chemistry's an easy stunt;
For the soul that always slumbers,
Never wakes until he's flunked.

Marjorie—"Would you really put yourself out
for me?"

Franklin—"Why, sure; you know I would."

Marjorie—"Then please do it, for it's nearly 12
o'clock, and I'm getting sleepy."

Miss Gray—"If anything should go wrong with
this experiment, we and the laboratory might be blown
sky high. Come closer, students, so that you may be
better able to follow me."

This Issue of the "Echo"

was Embossed
Printed
and Bound
by

The Press Democrat

Loose Leaf Ledger Devices
a specialty

DAILY
SEMI-WEEKLY

Phone 54
Santa Rosa, Cal.

WHO KNOWS?

Splashes of purple and orange and green,
Patches of yellow and rose,
That dazzle your eyes, in Franklin's ties,
Where does he get 'em—Who knows?

Facts about hist'ry, both present and past,
Facts that are real, I suppose,
All information on Steele's yellow notes.
Where did he get it—who knows?

Questions that stick you in English exams.
Questions on poetry and prose;
Questions on Chaucer, and Shakespeare and
Gray.
Where does she get 'em—who knows?

Dapper and dudish and faultless in fit,
Marvels of style are his clothes.
Edison's suits and Edison's hats.
Where does he get 'em—who knows?

Mrs. Yost takes for the books overdue,
The nickels you'd use for the shows.
You can't get away, she'll get you some day.
How does she do it—who knows?

Cutting a class without being excused,
No matter where any one goes,

"Monty" finds out just as sure as you're born.
How does he do it—who knows?

Never were stanzas so hard to get right,
Desperate our struggles and woe.
Now we are stopping, we will not go on.
Why do we do it?—WE KNOW.

Franklin S.—When I speak on a subject I always try to embrace it thoroughly.

Marjorie V.—Well, let's talk about me.

Student (describing George I)—"He was a German, and could only speak bad Latin."

A joke is like an ankle—it must be seen to be appreciated.

PASSION

She wouldn't let me mash her,
Tho' she sat upon my knee;
So I raised my hand in anger
And I cursed the little—flea.

Miss Abee—“You have a wonderful talent for painting.”

G. Gnesa—“How interesting! But how can you tell?”

Miss Abee—“I can see it on your face.”

JOHN HOOD CO.

WATCHMAKERS, JEWELERS & ENGRAVERS

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PHONE 592J

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P. H. KRONCKE, Prop.

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PHONE 50

FOURTH ST. AT D Santa Rosa, Cal.
PHARMACIST

Perpetuate Pleasant Memories

Of Your School Days
With Some of
Our Photographs



SWANET'S ELITE STUDIO

Phone 640

359 FIFTH STREET

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

I

Tall Sammy said with a grin,
"I wish I wasn't quite so thin.
Once a mouse, with no soul,
In my room gnawed a hole;
Do you know I nearly fell in?"

II

Said jolly Ralph B. with a pout,
"I wish I wasn't quite so stout.
When in the pantry I go
For ten minutes or so,
Alas! I'm too fat to get out."

Isabel—"Oh, George, they say the moon is a dead body."

George—"All right; let's sit up with the corpse."

DEDICATED TO LOWER CLASS BOYS

Lives like Legro's all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints seventeen by nine!

Miss MacKay—"All you folks who aren't here stop answering to the roll call."

He—"Gracious, how close it is in here; let's go out."
She—"But, my dear, the orchestra will change the air in a minute."

DER ESEL UND DER BUBE, JA!

Mule in the barnyard, lazy and slick;
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick—
Creeps up behind him, still as a mouse;
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

Mr. Maile (in music)—"A little more spirit, now, please; open your mouth and throw yourself into it!"

He—"There's an awful rumbling in my stomach, just like a cart going over cobble stones."

She—"Probably that truck you ate for dinner."
It's the steam, not the freight, that makes the cargo.

Miss O'Meara—"What are clauses?"

Freshie—"Something that grows on cats."

A kiss is the electric spark of an overcharged conversation.

SHAKESPEARE'S HIGH SCHOOL

Freshmen.....	"A Comedy of Errors"
Sophomores.....	"Much Ado About Nothing"
Juniors.....	"As You Like It"
Seniors.....	"All's Well That Ends Well"
	—Exchange.

Miss Moodey—Dwight, you and Phoebe are not doing that love scene right.

Gertrude (eagerly)—Oh, let's begin all over.

Clothes Do Not Make a Man

Yet they lend to his personal appearance.

Your appearance Commencement Night, as well as in the future, shuld not be overlooked.

When you think of that Suit for Graduation
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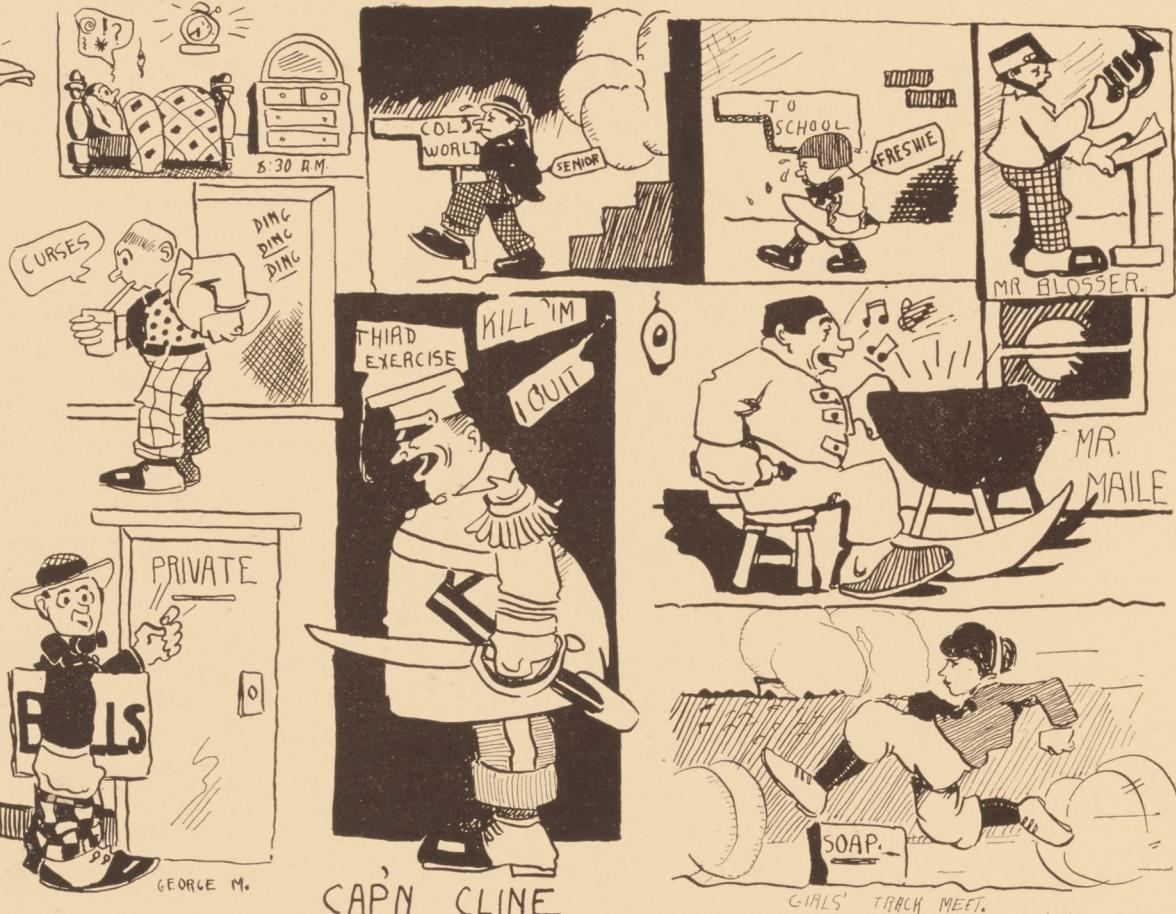
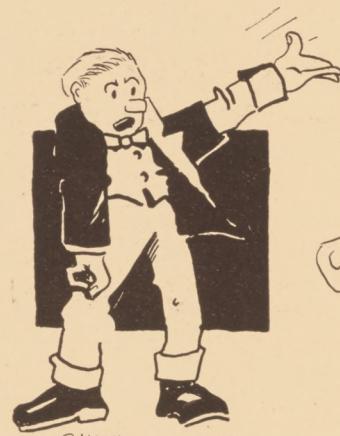
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Its Text Books are used in Hundreds of Commercial Schools in the United States and Canada
Nearly 100,000 copies have already been sold

Now is the time to start

College Opens, Monday, September 3rd

Miss Leddy—"Where is your book?"

Edison McCloud—"I forgot and took it home last night."

Theorem—A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.

Proof—Nothing is better than a good lesson; a poor lesson is better than nothing; therefore, a poor lesson is better than a good lesson.—Ex.

Senior (to photographer)—"Which way do you want me to turn my eyes?"

Photographer—"Toward that sign, please." (Sign reads)—"Terms, Cash."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN

Wossatchoogot?

Samminooer. Lasadition.

Enthinginnut?

Naw, Nuthininut 'cept lataspeeches. Lottarot.

Donsayso.? Wossawetherpredickshun?

Sezrain. Donbleevetho. Funthing thswether.

Nevkentellwossgunnado.

Thasright!

Miss Leddy (reading Latin)—"Tell me slave, where is thy horse?"

Startled Freshman—"I—it's under my chair, I was not using it."

When a donkey saw a zebra

He began to switch his tail,

"Well, I never," was his comment,

"Here's a mule that's been in jail."

—Ex.

Question: Which is the most dangerous—to tickle a mule's southeast leg or to crank a Ford?

L. Pressley.

FRIVOLOUS DEFINITIONS

Reputation—"What the world thinks about us."

Character—"What our teachers know about us."

Dimple—"A perfection of a blemish."

A Contented Human—"A myth."

The Ideal Woman—"One who can keep house, her temper and a servant."

Rouge—"Face suicide."

The Egotist—"A man so satisfied with his appearance that he never looks into a mirror."

Trousseau—"The clothes a girl wears for the first three years after marriage."—Ex.

Ione Long—"Did you enjoy the dance?"

Wesley Cline—"Oh, fairly."

Ione Long—"Some of the girls told me they didn't enjoy the dance one bit."

Wesley Cline—"Well, I couldn't dance with them all."

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SCRAPE! SCRAPE! SCRAPE!
(With apologies to Lord Tennyson)

Scrape, scrape, scrape,
Over this cheek of mine, Oh Gee!
And I would that my tongue dared utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the round-cheeked lad,
That his face is as smooth as a babe's

Oh, well for his sister's fair,
That they are not men, but maids!

And this stubborn beard grows on,
To its haven all over my chin;
But oh, for the touch of a magic hand,
To banish this hair without pain.

Scrape, scrape, scrape,
So that I myself may see,
If the tender face I had in my youth
Will again come back to me.

Legro—"But I don't stand on trifles."
Ed (looking at his feet)—"I see you don't."

The Three Graces—
Grace Johnson.
Grace Shriver.
Grace Wells.

The corner store congregation had better get a periscope to see when Mr. Montgomery is coming.

Miss Hunt, asking pupil to explain a paragraph of the President's war speech:

Miss Hunt—"Will you explain the paragraph?"

Vernon Silvershield—"It means that any nation with common sense won't get fresh with Uncle Sam."

FOR SALE—At all music stands, Farwell's touching little ditty, entitled, "Mother, Please, Hand Me the Library Paste, a Wheel Has Come Off'n My Ford."

The chorus is printed here for the benefit of the reader. (Tune—The one the old cow died on.)

Mother, please, bring me some shoemaker's wax,
And hand me a wee bit of cord,
I fear I've a few little breaks to repair;
A fence post ran into my Ford.

OVERHEARD BETWEEN CLASSES

"Nobody home!"

"Wait just a minute!"

"She's the most partial teacher I know."

"I just can't make anything out of this."

"My paper will be covered with 'awks'!"

"I just know I flunked in that 'ex.!'!"

"What in the world happened in 1415, and who is Belford?"

Hurry—there's the last bell!"

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ADAM AND EVE (AND THAT APPLE)!!!!

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8, and Adam 2—a total of 10 only.

Now we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16. And yet the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antedeluvians were a race of giants reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total, 163.

Wrong again. What would be clearer than, if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893? But if Eve 811st and Adam 812, the total would be 1,623.

I believe the following to be a fair solution: Eve 814 Adam, Adam 8124 Eve—total 8,938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81,242 oblige Eve—total 82,056. I think this however, not a sufficient quantity. For though we admit that Eve 814 Adam, Adam, if he 8,081,242 keep Eve company—total 8,082,056.

All wrong. Eve when she 81,812 many, and probably she felt sorry for it; but her companion, in order to relieve her grief, 812. Therefore, Adam, when he 81,81240fy Eve's depressed spirits. Hence, both ate 81,896,864 apples. Ex.

Miss Leddy (in Latin)—“Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?”

Susie M.—“I don't think I ever met him. You know we invite so few men to our card parties.”

Cline says the company is going to take a drum to (when it goes) so that when it sees the enemy it can beat it. An egg would be less to carry, Doc.

?—If Hell were turned upside down, what would be found on the bottom?

?—Made in Germany.

Prof. Montgomery—“Do you drink?”

Student (quite huffy)—“That's my business.”

Prof. Mont.—“Have you any other business.”

Teacher—“Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?”

Johnny—“Swiss cheese.”

Teacher—“Oh, something greater, more impressive, more tremendous.”

Johnny—“Limburger.”

George Long (reading on the board in physiology)—“Amylopsin, trypsin, pepsin, stepsin.” “What does that mean?”

B. Dibble—“Amy lops in, trips in, peeps in, and steps in.”

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Mef Coon asking Miss Howard about the last problem after working about three minutes:

"Are you there yet?" she asked after finishing the explanation.

"Oh, no," he answered, "but I was wondering what I would do when I got there."

"There is something," said Ernie, "that I have wanted to tell you for a long time, but—"

"Oh Ernie," Issy said blushing sweetly, "not here in the car before the people, wait!"

"It's merely that you have a streak of soot down the middle of your nose."

A milliner was endeavoring to sell a colored woman a last season's picture hat at a reduced price. It was a big, white hat.

"Law, no, honey! I could nevah wear that," said the colored woman, "I'd look jes' like a blackberry in a pan of milk."—Ex.

Miss Leddy—"Edison, give the principal parts of piget."

Edison McLeod—"Pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum."

Miss O'Meara—"When was Christ born?"

Wise Soph.—"27 B. C."

"Well, for instance," said the teacher, "suppose yon want to remember the name of the poet Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said the bright pupil, "but how is one to know that he does not represent Robert Browning?"
—Ex.

The prisoner threw the magazines across his cell in disgust and cursed eloquently.

"Nothin' but continued stories," he growled, and I'm to be hung next Tuesday."—Ex.

Senior—"What part of school do you like best?"
Freshie (emphatically)—"Lunch."

She—"My face is my fortune."

(?)—"How long have you been broke?"

Visitor (in type)—"Can you write short-hand?"
Irene B.—"Yes, but it takes me longer."

Miss Crane (looking at Franklin's tie)—"Yes, it seems that savages like the most gaudy colors."

Junior—"What's your favorite study?"
Soph.—"Recess!"

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Our Alphabet

A is for "As You Like It," the Senior play,
The best one given for many a day.

B is for Bob, I must add without fail;
It's also for Baby Elizabeth Maile.

C is for cutting, an act you'll regret;
Take heed little Freshies, and don't you forget.

D is for Donald, it's easy to tell
That he is at present the Senior class "swell."

E stands for Edison, and I'll add right here,
That it stands for egotist, too, ain't that queer?

F is for Freshies, those queer girls and boys,
Who crowd all the class rooms with go-carts
and toys.

G is for George Long, that clever young sprig;
He's jolly and gay, though he's not very big.

H is for that new teacher, Miss Hunt;
Knocking S. R. seems her favorite stunt.

I stands for I, meaning me or myself;
When I see "I," I laugh, in spite of myself.

J is for Juniors, that frivolous class;
Compared with the Seniors, they've got lots of brass.

K's for Miss Koepke, ein deutsche Fraulein;
Do you think she's easy, Mein Freund? Ach nein!

L's for Assistant-Librarian Luce;
Don't ask her for "Sutton," I know it's no use.

M is for Monty, and we all agree
That he is as jolly with us as can be.

N stands for Nielsen, that blushing boy;
Talking to Izzie is his chief joy.

O is for Orville, a small red-haired boy;
His delight is his teachers to annoy.

P stands for pep—which the Sophomores claim;
And surely it is a class that is game.

Q's for the Questions we're asked in a test;
When we don't know the answers—you know the rest.

R is for Report cards, dispellers of joy;
The dread of each blockhead and each lazy boy.

S for the dignified Seniors, you know;
Who show off their learning wherever they go.

T stands for the "Twins," so clever and sweet;
Who in writing poetry, can't be beat.

U, **V**, and **W**, these letters three,
They certainly are of no use to me.

X for X'ams that make us turn pale;
And, too, for Xcuses we give when we fail.

Y is for Yost, who goes by like a flash;
She keeps our bad records and takes all our cash.

Z is for Zero we get when we fail;
And I'll let it stand for ze end of this tale.



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*A rosary of friends most dear, I'll always see when I turn here,
So kindly write your name below, before our ways apart must go.*

*A rosary of friends most dear, I'll always see when I turn here,
So kindly write your name below, before our ways apart must go.*

